1941

Liberty 5¢

Why Breen Resigned from the Hays Office

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Why Matsuoka Hates The United States

Mobilgas

SOCONY-VACUUM

MOTORISTS, too, point to the Sign of the Flying Red Horse. Each day, more than 1000 cars a minute stop at that sign for this simple reason:

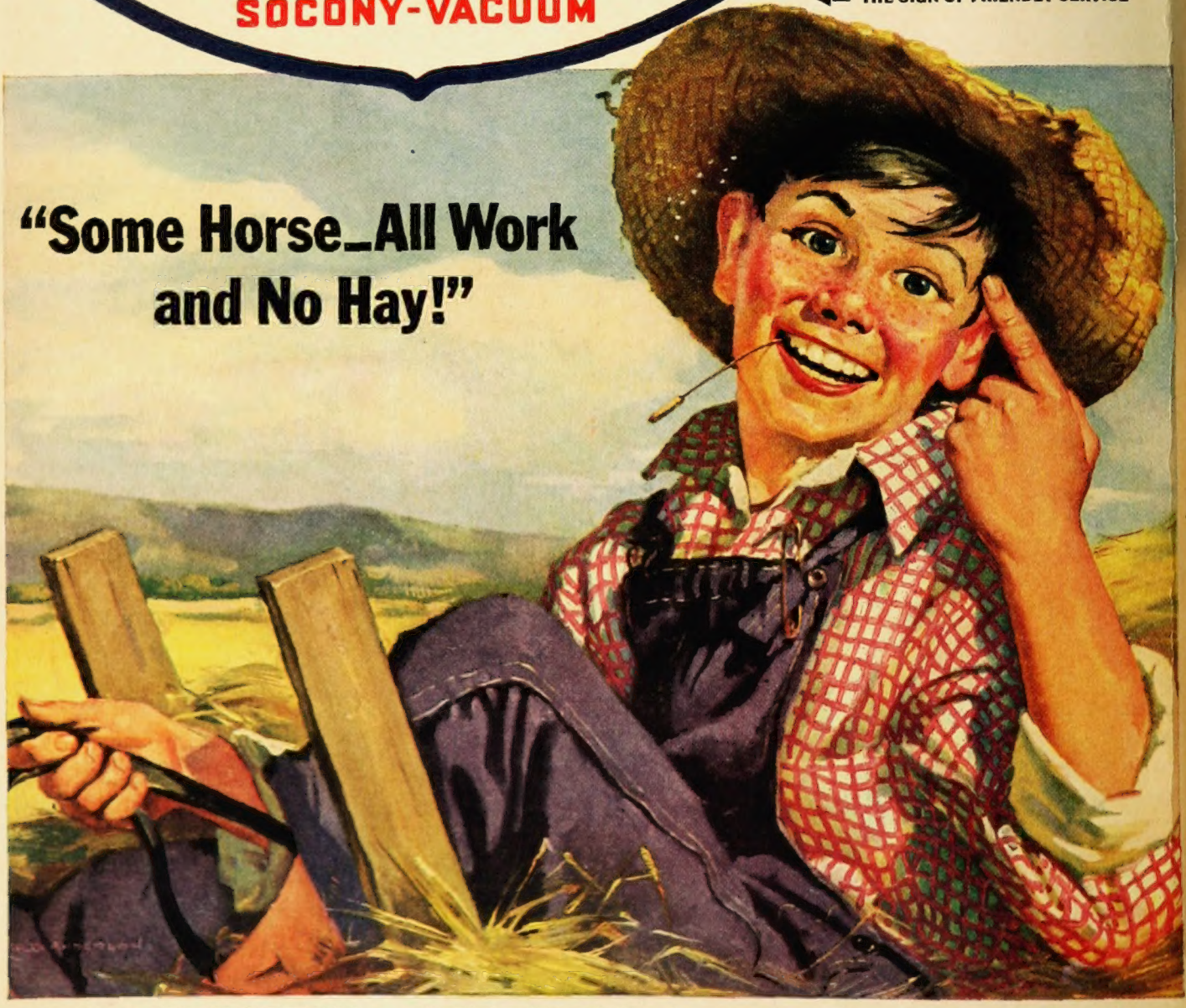
The Flying Red Horse stands for the hard-working gasoline qualities car owners want.

It stands for the power and thrift of Mobilgas—America's favorite gasoline. *And that's worth remembering.* You'll *enjoy* Mobilgas—and Mobiloil.

Next time—drive in at the Sign of the Flying Red Horse.

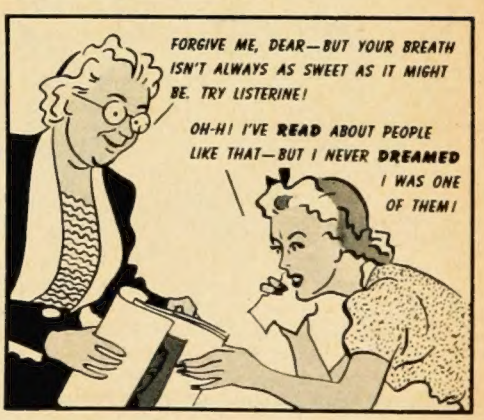
← THE SIGN OF FRIENDLY SERVICE

"Some Horse—All Work and No Hay!"



SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, Inc. *and Affiliates:* Magnolia Petroleum Co., General Petroleum Corporation of California

"I came within a hair's breadth of losing him"


FORGIVE ME, DEAR—BUT YOUR BREATH ISN'T ALWAYS AS SWEET AS IT MIGHT BE. TRY LISTERINE!
OH-H! I'VE READ ABOUT PEOPLE LIKE THAT—BUT I NEVER DREAMED I WAS ONE OF THEM!

Want others to like you?

Whether we're sixteen or sixty, we don't want to lose out on life's pleasures because of halitosis (bad breath) . . . not when, for most of us, there is such a pleasant, refreshing way to keep the breath sweeter, purer—*the Listerine Antiseptic way!*

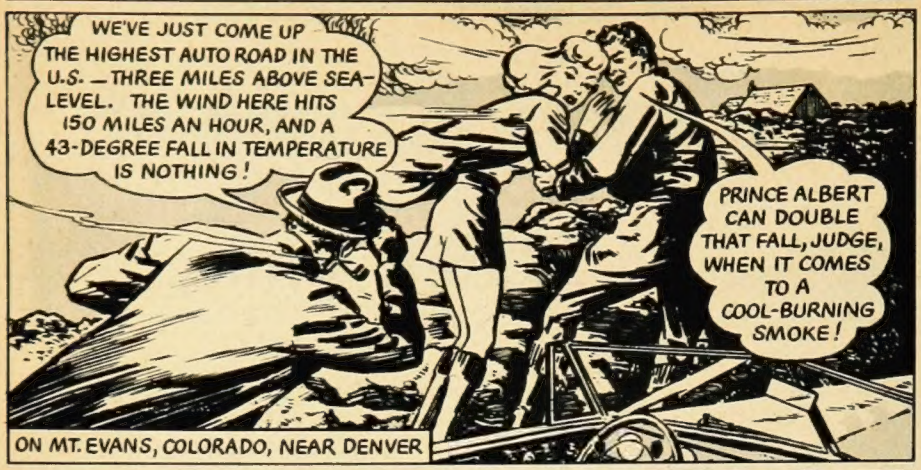
For, while some cases of bad breath are caused by systemic conditions, usually, say some authorities, it is due to the fermentation of tiny food particles on mouth, teeth and gums. Wearers of dentures and plates are particularly susceptible because food is apt to cling to them and ferment. *Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors it causes.* That's why, when you rinse your mouth morning and night with full strength Listerine Antiseptic, your breath is fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

If you want others to like you, if you want to put your best foot forward, use Listerine Antiseptic—it pays!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Let LISTERINE look after your breath!

WONDERS OF AMERICA
Most Powerful Force on Earth!

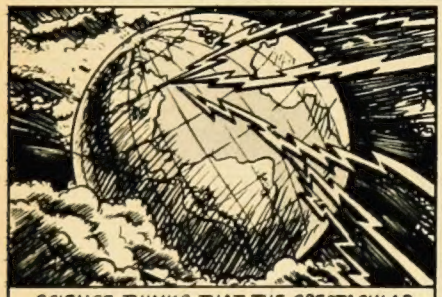

WE'VE JUST COME UP THE HIGHEST AUTO ROAD IN THE U.S. — THREE MILES ABOVE SEA-LEVEL. THE WIND HERE HITS 150 MILES AN HOUR, AND A 43-DEGREE FALL IN TEMPERATURE IS NOTHING!
PRINCE ALBERT CAN DOUBLE THAT FALL, JUDGE, WHEN IT COMES TO A COOL-BURNING SMOKE!
ON MT. EVANS, COLORADO, NEAR DENVER

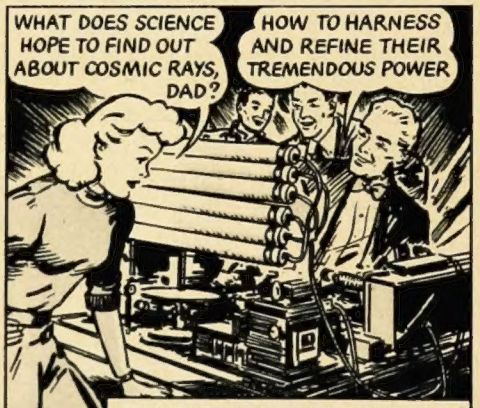
IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED — *COOLEST OF ALL!*

THAT SIGN HELPS DISCOURAGE TOURISTS. THIS IS WHERE SCIENTISTS STUDY THE MYSTERIOUS COSMIC RAYS
RIGHT NOW I'D LIKE TO STUDY A MILD, TASTY PIPE-LOAD OF PRINCE ALBERT
TELL US ABOUT COSMIC RAYS, DAD!
DANGER HIGH VOLTAGE
AT THE FAMOUS COSMIC RAY LABORATORY OF DENVER UNIVERSITY


SCIENCE THINKS THAT THE SPECTACULAR COSMIC RAYS WHICH SHOWER THE EARTH DESCEND FROM THE GREAT OUTER SPACES. THE RAYS, MOST POWERFUL KNOWN FORCE ON EARTH, ARE 5 TIMES STRONGER ATOP MT. EVANS THAN AT SEA-LEVEL. LIGHTNING STRIKING MT. EVANS BATHES PEOPLE AND OBJECTS IN A GHOSTLY GLOW



THIS AMAZING DEVICE ABOVE TELLS WHICH WAY THE COSMIC RAYS ARE COMING, AND COUNTS THEM TOO!

IT'S IMPRESSIVE THE WAY MAN HELPS NATURE. TAKE CHOICE TOBACCO — PRINCE ALBERT IMPROVES IT WITH THE EASY-PACKING, EVEN-DRAWING CRIMP CUT AND THE FAMOUS NO-BITE PROCESS FOR SPECIAL MILDNESS, TONGUE-EASE!
AND DON'T FORGET HOW PRINCE ALBERT'S CRIMP CUT SIMPLIFIES ROLLING, TOO — SMOOTH, FIRM SMOKES WITH WELL-FILLED ENDS. BOY! HOW EASY P.A. TWIRLS — HOW NIFTY IT SMOKES!

50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

VOX POP

U. S. LISTS CIVILIAN RESOURCES

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In Mr. Fulton Oursler's "Memo" to Mr. Markey which introduces the article Suggestion for Defense (May 17 Liberty) he states: "I have not heard of any plan to register or otherwise co-ordinate our civilian resources of brain power in the way that skilled mechanics, etc., are being guided into the production effort."

I feel that it might be of interest to you, and perhaps to the readers of Liberty, to know of the existence and activities of the National Roster of Scientific and Specialized Personnel. In July, 1940, the National Roster was established by action of the President and since that time has actively functioned under the joint direction of the National Resources Planning Board and the United States Civil Service Commission. The fundamental objective of the National Roster has been to record all available information in one central point concerning the country's human resources in the sciences, professions, and other specialized areas.

More than a quarter of a million of the country's citizens have been contacted and complete and detailed information is available in the National Roster concerning more than 150,000 of the nation's scientists and specially qualified individuals.

Certification of these skilled individuals are made daily to federal defense agencies.—*Leonard Carmichael, Director National Resources Planning Board.*

[In my article I said that reports were sent periodically from the state bureaus to the Bureau of Employment Security at Washington. But these data are not nearly so complete as we would have them and there is a serious gap between the filing of cases and the actual placing of individuals in jobs.—M. M.]

SEES A CHAIN

CHICAGO, ILL.—Congratulations on the powerful editorial, Truer Words Were Never Spoken (May 24 Liberty). This should be mailed to every senator and representative in Washington.

Private industry is going to suffer because of government priority on materials. This means many people are going

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CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

In 17TH Victory At Indianapolis 500 Mile Race

Floyd Davis and Mauri Rose drove to a sensational victory in the Indianapolis Memorial Day Classic, using dependable Champion Spark Plugs. Thus once again Champions demonstrated in an outstanding manner that they make every engine a better performing engine—for the Indianapolis race is generally recognized as the supreme test for spark plugs. It is significant that year after year the victors and the majority of money winners choose Champions.

Again, as in 16 previous years, Champion Spark Plugs equipped the winning car in the 1941 Indianapolis 500 Mile Race. 10 of the 12 cars to finish were also Champion-equipped.

Floyd Davis and Mauri Rose wired "We won the Indianapolis 500 Mile Race today stop You couldn't ask for more perfect, more dependable performance than we received from Champion Spark Plugs stop They certainly were a big help in our victory."

Typical pit activity before the race, where cars are serviced and races sometimes won or lost. Here the precise spark plugs for each engine, with maximum heat range so necessary to peak performance and dependability, are selected with great care.

You can be sure of championship engine performance in your own car by making sure your spark plugs are Champions. Outstanding among Champion's many patented features is the Sillment seal which eliminates troublesome leakage *common to ordinary spark plugs.* Since leaky spark plugs overheat, causing pre-ignition, rough, wasteful and sluggish engine operation, it will pay you to insist on Champions.

You're always ahead with Champion!
SPARK PLUGS

Try Pepsodent's 2-second Beauty Test!

MAKE THIS TONGUE TEST ON YOUR TEETH

1...DO THIS... Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. Feel that filmy coating? That's Materia Alba . . . it collects stains, makes teeth dingy-looking.

2...IT'S A WARNING... You need the film-fighting powers of Pepsodent with Irium. Because filmy coating on your teeth is a sign your present tooth paste may be letting you down.

3...DON'T WAIT . . . Correct this beauty-blemish now...with Pepsodent. No other tooth paste contains this wonder-working combination: (1) Irium, super-cleansing agent loosens sticky coating, flushes it away...*and* (2) The patented, high-polishing agent buffs teeth shiny-smooth so coating slides off...before it can collect and stain.

Switch to Pepsodent with Irium. Use it regularly and you'll know the joy of sparkling, beautiful teeth. Get a tube today!

TRY THIS SIMPLE BEAUTY TREATMENT

Use Pepsodent regularly for a few days. You'll *see* and *feel* the difference next time you make the Tongue Test.

50 TUFTS! Get a new 50-Tuft Pepsodent Tooth Brush for Double-Power Cleansing.

to be forced out of work, which lowers purchasing power, which in turn brings more and more reliefers and W. P. A.ers for the rest of the workers to support. How are they going to support them and pay for all the waste in the defense program?

Give Knudsen the job, free of red tape, and he will build up the defense at one tenth the cost that the politicians will spend.—*A. W. Becker.*

ALIENS REBUFFED

NYACK, N. Y.—The article by Alan Hynd on Hate Takes a Holiday (May 17 Liberty) might impress the more intelligent foreigner rather unfavorably.

Practically every prospective employer's first concern seems to be the applicant's birthplace rather than his character or what one may be worth as a citizen in good standing. The American element is often chosen before a foreign applicant is given a chance to earn a living (even for a simple job). Employers, for the most part, meet us with a repelling attitude.—*Miss Nuvart Partikian (Armenian).*

WANTS NATHAN TO SEE CIRCUS

EN ROUTE, HARRISBURG, PA.—I have just read with unadulterated delight George Jean Nathan's Puckish piece about the circus. Having grown up around The Greatest Show on Earth, we are more than wise enough not to attempt to beard the lion in his den, and therefore would not presume to counter-criticize your critique.

However, we deem it advisable at this time to reinvite Mr. Nathan to see the circus in all its under-canvas glory.

We positively guarantee the nonappearance of human projectiles, as well as an opportunity to interview our docile marmoset, Gargantua the Great, the world's most terrifying living creature in any way that you elect.—*Henry Ringling North—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—George Jean Nathan just hain't just to the elephants. He says they lumber ponderously. Just what does he expect them to do, trip daintily? Jean would get plenty sore if an elephant wanted him to prance mincingly, holding forth a plucked peony.

And Jean is all wrong about fat ladies suffering from scrutiny. I get it from the fat ladies themselves that what they suffer from mostly is being chafed, except one with fallen arches and a flea under the back of her brassière. This last wore a troubled expression which spread over three of her chins.—*Roy Giles.*

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—George Jean Nathan would have the circus change. No, Mr. Nathan, that would never do! For the circus as we know it is an American Institution. Its style and manner are peculiar to it alone. Put it in swing style or the tempo of the Gay '90s, and it will outdate itself. Change it, and it will not

be the circus as all the kiddies understand it to be from the very time that they are able to understand anything. The circus as the circus is as enduring as the pink lemonade and peanuts that go with it.

Maybe your ideas are something like the fellow's who would tell his little son that there is no need of trying ice cream. "I had some of it when I was a boy," he said.—*Ned Law.*

ASIATIC MIND

NEW YORK, N. Y.—We have been hearing a lot about the Asiatic mind and devious reasoning by Stalin. Let me contribute this one:

A Russian soldier violated some army regulations and Stalin ordered that he receive fifty lashes. Ivan, the intended victim, made a deal with the mighty whip wielder.

"Stalin won't like you any better after you beat me up. I'll give you twenty-five dollars—and go easy with the whip!"

Agreed, the powerful Cossack hit the victim very lightly for forty-nine lashes—but for the fiftieth one he put all his power into the last wallop. With a great cry of pain, Ivan yelled:

"We made a deal. You did hit me lightly for forty-nine lashes—but why such a terrible wallop on the last one?"

"Just to show you what a *bargain* you got!" barked the Cossack.—*H. H.*

Beverly Hills' Movie Guide
Will be found on Page 47

"No more bridge for at least three weeks!"

EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE

WORLD'S SERIES PENNANT. Since the National League's Pittsburgh Pirates played the American League's Boston Red Sox in 1903, the winner of the World's Series has been recognized as "tops" in baseball. You can be sure that the 1941 team that will win the right to fly the pennant will have to have "plenty on the ball"; it must be better than good!

ETHYL EMBLEM. There is a "pennant" for excellence in gasolines too. Gasoline in a pump which bears the Ethyl emblem has to be better than good! It must be "tops" in anti-knock (octane) rating and all-round quality. "Ethyl" means a cooler-running engine in summer; extra power and smoothness all year. When you stop for gasoline, the Ethyl emblem tells you which pump contains the best.

ETHYL
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

THE BETTER THE GAS, THE BETTER YOUR CAR

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

BUILDING FOR DEFENSE

The Bell System is putting in about 400 million dollars' worth of new equipment this year. . . . The busier this country gets with production and defense, the more everybody telephones. Our #1 job is to do our best to keep pace with the needs of the Nation in this emergency.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

"The Telephone Hour" is broadcast every Monday. (N. B. C. Red Network, 8 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time.)

O. J. ELDER PUBLISHER • FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF • WALTER LLOYD ART EDITOR

Liberty

JULY 5, 1941 VOL. 18, NO. 27

WE CANNOT RECEDE ONE INCH

☆ ON the floor of the House of Representatives the other day, the Hon. Martin F. Smith, from the Third District of the State of Washington, arose and addressed the chair:

"Mr. Speaker: It is amazing how a disjointed quotation and half-truth can gain currency. How often do we hear it repeated that Chief Justice Marshall said 'That the power to tax is the power to destroy.' . . . One of the latest uses of this half quotation is in the editorial columns in the usually accurate Liberty Magazine under the brilliant editorship of Mr. Fulton Oursler, in its issue of May 24, 1941.

"What did Chief Justice Marshall really say? Let me quote in the interests of truth and historical accuracy his exact words. In the celebrated case of McCulloch vs. Maryland decided in 1819 Chief Justice Marshall said:

" 'That the power to tax involves the power to destroy; that the power to destroy may defeat and nullify the power to create—'

"But he also said, which is a part of the immediate context but is strangely omitted from the quotation and yet is the most significant part of his statement, to wit: 'The power to tax is the one great power on which the whole national fabric is based. It is not only the power to destroy but also the power to keep alive.'

"Mr. Speaker, I can conceive of no more appropriate time to make this correction and point out what Chief Justice Marshall really did say than at this present time. We are now considering a new tax revenue measure to finance our National Defense Program. We are levying taxes to defray the cost of protecting, maintaining and preserving our government and institutions against the enemies, foreign and domestic. Certainly, there can be no more proper exercise of the taxing power reserved in the Congress under the Constitution than this very power. This fact Chief Justice Marshall declared to be 'the power to keep alive' and clearly proved how true were his words that

" 'The power to tax is the one great power on which the whole fabric is based. It is not only the power to destroy but also the power to keep alive.' "

Liberty is glad that Representative Smith has seen fit to debate the point made by this editorial exactly where it should be debated—before the tax-levying power which is the Congress. We are sorry he did not read the whole article to the Congress.

On one point we are in absolute agreement with Mr. Smith—if we wish to have a government, we must pay for it. No one has ever used the words of Chief Justice Marshall to suggest either that we should not pay for government or that we should have no government.

But Liberty cannot recede one inch from that editorial. We maintain that Chief Justice Marshall, in the case of McCulloch vs. Maryland, took a long and deliberate step beyond the meaning Mr. Smith has cited. Everybody knows that the need of taxation is primary, obvious, and fundamental; but the Chief Justice, in his great wisdom, foresaw the temptations that come to taxgatherers, and to point out the danger he used one of the strongest words in the English language—the word "destroy."

The dictionary defines the word "destroy" in these words: "To bring to ruin." Chief Justice Marshall did not use that word idly. He chose it precisely to warn America that while only by taxation can our government be kept alive, the power to tax should never be used to ruin the people. Yet that is exactly what the Congress is in danger of doing right now! Liberty quoted his words aptly and realistically.

We all know that we must be taxed, and taxed heavily, for defense. At what point, then, do taxes become destructive? They become destructive when the taxgathering powers, as in the case of the very Congress of which Mr. Smith is an able and patriotic member, refuse to economize in other fields, refuse to throw out the pork barrel.

The American people want to be taxed to keep our country alive. They will not be taxed into destruction. They agree perfectly with all the words of Chief Justice Marshall as quoted in full by Mr. Smith.

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IT IS, to say the least, not very polite to make copy out of private dinner-table conversation, but a few of us Washington correspondents heard Mr. Matsuoka express opinions over a cozy bowl of soup eight years ago which make me think that Mr. Sokolsky underrates that international problem child. Matsuoka was pausing in Washington en route to Tokyo from Europe to take over the management of the Manchuria Railway—and, incidentally, if he runs the Japanese Foreign Office the way he ran its railroads, the United States ought to wish him many more years in office.

Anyhow, Matsuoka opined over his second highball that the day of the white race in Asia had reached its twilight. Presently, said he, the British would be forced out of China. When nobody took a pot shot at him with a coffee cup, he was emboldened to add that the United States was going to strike its flag in the Philippines. Asia for the Asiatics, proclaimed Matsuoka, not concealing his interpretation that the slogan meant Asia for the Japanese. Nobody present said, "Oh, yeah?" or "You and who else?" So presently the Foreign Minister-to-be announced his belief that the Japanese Navy could whip the American Navy, although the walloping would be administered with regret and could be avoided if the United States stopped acting so damned superior and remained where it belonged, east of the Hawaiian sunset line. Matsuoka seemed considerably baffled because nobody turned pale with apprehension or red with rage.

P.S. Everybody else had a good time.

WALTER KARIG.

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

☆ NEW names boom out of Asia, new and unpronounceable names; but that of Matsuoka is not likely soon to be forgotten. His policy nearly started a war recently between the United States and Japan. He then startled the world by suggesting that he would come to Washington to talk things over with President Roosevelt, which worried Washington no end. Then, when he had two countries on tenterhooks, he subsided into the mysterious silences.

Does Matsuoka hate the United States? Americans may not like the thought, and Japanese and Chinese will deny the truth of my assertion, but I am sure that I am correct when I say that every Oriental who has ever lived in this country resents the attitude of racial superiority, the contempt that "white" folks have for the pigmented races. Matsuoka lived in America during the years of fiercest agitation against Orientals in the Pacific coast states. That agitation left its mark upon a sensitive human being.

Yosuke Matsuoka, who made his country a partner of Hitler and Stalin in the war, has throughout his life been a rebel—at times a violent rebel. When I first met him in the early 1920s, he had only recently been "excused" from the Japanese Foreign Office because he had conducted an internal rebellion against those whom he called "old fogies." He disliked traditionalists.

There was something of our own Western I. W. W. in Matsuoka, something of "Hallelujah! I'm a bum!" And the Japanese did not like it or him much. I recall discussing his future on several occasions with my old friend and colleague George Bronson Rea, who was, of all foreigners in Asia, undoubtedly his closest friend.

"What will become of Matsuoka?" I asked once when he was sitting around Tokyo out of a job.

"He may be Prime Minister some day, or he'll be assassinated," Rea replied. "The trouble with that fellow is that he was in America too long. He can't help telling a damn fool to go to hell."

Rea liked to speak that way because he was himself a wild soldier of fortune. When he and Matsuoka got together they swore a blue streak at all the imbecilities of this sad world. And Matsuoka never spared his own country, Japan. At times he was so outspoken about his superiors that I wondered how he kept out of jail.

And, of course, there is an explanation for that, too. For Yosuke Matsuoka, born poor, had powerful friends and protectors. The largest business firm in Japan and one of the most powerful in the world, the Mitsuis, had confidence in him and pushed him along. He was given opportunities for financial security.

Matsuoka was born of poor parents in Yamaguchi Prefecture in 1880. At fourteen he sailed for the United States as an immigrant. Here he worked as a bus boy, a waiter, in lumber camps in Oregon and Washington. Here he learned to speak English like an American, to smoke a pipe, to go directly to the point and to hit hard. Only a lumber-camp American could have answered as he once did later on, when asked whether he was going to be Minister of Foreign Affairs:

"I'm not going to be Foreign Minister. Nor has any one recommended me. Even if some one did, I wouldn't accept. It means that the stage is not yet set for me. But when this merry-go-round comes to a standstill—and that will happen when they find themselves against a stone wall—I will have to step out; and nothing then is going to keep me back."

Aided by an uncle who lived in Portland, Oregon, and working his way through, Matsuoka studied at the Oregon State College. It was only when he returned to Japan that he

Matsuoka Hates The United States

Here's new, revealing light on how an Oregon schoolboy's past is shaping world events today

realized that he was unfitted for any career there, as he knew little Japanese and less of the Chinese classics. His problem then was to start his education all over again.

This was the period of the Russo-Japanese War, and Matsuoka was liable to be called to the colors at any time. For a while he considered the possibility of a job as a correspondent in Manchuria attached to the Japanese Army, for the London Times. But he was dissuaded by his mother, who preferred that he hold himself in readiness to serve his Emperor in the army when the call came.

He took and passed the examinations for the Japanese Consular Service and was sent to Shanghai, China. That set him off on his special public career. Unlike most Japanese, he knew how to get along with both the Chinese and the Europeans. At that time Japan was popular among the British and Americans—who were really responsible for Japan's war against Russia. It will be recalled that the United States financed that war, and that when the Japanese were not doing so well, Theodore Roosevelt made the Peace of Portsmouth, which had the effect of making Japan the foremost country in Asia. And only a few years before, in 1902, the British had raised Japan to equality with the Europeans by the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. Shanghai was the central point for Japanese propaganda, and Matsuoka took to it like a duck to water. He stirred in the Chinese a new vision of the role of Asiatic peoples. He was given the prestige of the title of Acting Consul General and he was excused from service in the army. The Japanese realized that in him they had an invaluable citizen.

It was while he was in Shanghai that Matsuoka formed friendships which pushed him along with terrific rapidity. One was with Johtaro Yamamoto, then director of the Mitsui interests in Shanghai but later one of the most powerful men in Japan. Yamamoto treated Matsuoka like an adopted son. The fact that he was no longer dependent upon a job may be a further explanation for his extreme independence of attitude.

In the Japanese Foreign Office he fought the idea that Japan had to follow, in all matters, European methods and techniques. He disliked the deadly formalism, the secrecy that characterize the diplomat. He joined the staff of the Foreign Office's Information Bureau, whose head was Baron Ijuin, who understood public relations better than any Japanese has since.

No one was ever less popular on a job than Matsuoka was in the Foreign Office. "Disliked" is a mild word for it. I used to hear Japanese say that Matsuoka was unsafe, dangerous, erratic. The reason was that he hates red tape. He was constantly quarreling with his colleagues and superiors. And there was little they, the civil-service career men, could do about it—first, because Matsuoka got his name before the people when he wanted to, and secondly, because his patron, Yamamoto, was constantly rising in political power.

Finally Count Uchida became Minister of Foreign Affairs, and he pushed Matsuoka out of the Foreign Office, only for the Oregonian to show up in the South Manchuria Railway, which was then and is now the dominant economic agency of the Japanese in Manchuria and China. Matsuoka made himself unpopular in the extreme by attacking the bureaucracy on the railroad and by demanding a reorganization. Everybody was against him. But he made that railroad hum. He envisioned for Manchuria a network of railroads, with a large measure of cooperation between the Chinese and the Japanese.

When he had turned forty Matsuoka decided to go into politics. At that time the principal political party in Japan was the Seiyukai and its chief was Yamamoto. So that made it easy. And the Seiyukai was, through Yamamoto, the party of Biggest Business.

We who were in the Far East in those days expected fireworks when Matsuoka became a politician, because obviously he did not belong. Yet he made little stir. I suppose his obligations to Yamamoto silenced him during a period (1925-31) when the corruption, selfishness, and stupidity of the Japanese politician reached an all-time low. It was not until after he had been Japan's chief delegate to the League of Nations and had established a reputation as a fighter for his country, right or wrong, that Matsuoka sprang his great political contribution, which was to abolish all political parties. He waged a campaign against the politicians. It is a curiosity of political history that the parties in Japan had become so rotten that they offered no resistance.

Yosuke Matsuoka's return to the foreign affairs of his country came in 1933, when he attended the League of Nations and withdrew Japan from that body—a withdrawal to which many attribute the present war. He was tough at the League sessions. He took the ground that Japan could fight and would fight for what the Japanese regarded as their rights. In debate he has none of the polish of the Oriental. He hits out hard and lets his opponent take the consequences. And he not only was trained in the United States but is a Christian by religion and therefore understands the ideals and mental processes of his opponents.

In 1929, for instance, he attended the conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations at Kyoto, and got into an argument with a Chinese Professor Hsu Shu-hsi on the Manchurian question. Referring to the Li-Lobanoff Treaty—a secret document which Li Hung-chang signed after, according to Count Witte, Russia had paid a huge bribe—Matsuoka said:

"The late Marquis Komura, soon after concluding the Portsmouth Treaty, went to Peking and negotiated with China. An agreement, among other things, on the railway question in Manchuria was concluded. No one, I suppose, is prepared to cry out that that agreement was extracted from China under coercion. [Laughter.] China of course agreed to it of her own free will. In any case, she undertook not to lay any line parallel to the South Manchuria Railway, to the detriment of the latter's interests. Hardly was the ink with which the Chinese plenipotentiaries signed this agreement dry than these gentlemen under the Manchu Dynasty—mind you, I am not saying under the Nationalist Government that we see in China today—these gentlemen maneuvered successfully to get a British capitalist to sign a loan contract for building the so-called Fakumen Railway running parallel to the South Manchuria Railway. . . .

"My friends, suppose Japan had

(*Continued on page 45*)

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

Indignantly Yours

BY JOHN RANDOLPH PHILLIPS

☆ EVERY love affair, of course, has to have some kind of beginning, but I've often thought the June Martin-Lang McKeldin affair set a new high for originality.

I was then, and still am, the sports editor of the Times-Leader. June was on the woman's page. Her daddy had been old Barney Martin, who had given me my first job and whom I had succeeded, at his death, as sports editor. Being Barney's daughter and having traveled the country with him, June knew her sports well.

So one day I got the brilliant idea of taking her to the ball game and then having her do a guest column, which I would introduce by saying that my regular readers, all three of them, would undoubtedly welcome the novel and refreshing idea of a member of the fair sex discoursing upon the national pastime.

We went to the game, and June did her story, and it appeared next day in my column. Our team belongs to one of the fastest Class B leagues in the country and the boys put on a good show for us but lost in the ninth. June, in her story, criticized the strategy employed in the ninth by the local manager. Two days later, her cheeks on fire and her blue eyes snapping, she showed me a letter from a young man who plainly believed that woman's place, wherever it might be, certainly wasn't on the sports page.

Dear Miss Martin: I notice that Mike Williams introduced you to his three readers—I wonder if he really has that many—as a fair young visitor from the woman's page. Please, Miss Martin, stick to your knitting on said woman's page and let Mike write baseball. Your criticism of Manager Betts' strategy was ridiculous. Mr. Betts ordered Lefler to bunt in the ninth because Hayes, the Bulldogs' pitcher, is known as a very poor handler of bunts. The fact that he did field this particular one perfectly doesn't enter into the matter. But then, I don't suppose you ever heard of playing percentage in baseball. If you must write about sports, dear Miss Martin, why not try croquet or Chinese checkers?

Indignantly yours
LANG MCKELDIN

"When you're as old as I am, honey," I told June, "you won't let letters like this raise your blood pressure a single notch."

"I'd like to see that man," June said. "Oh, I'd like to see him and give him a piece of my mind!"

"Well," I said, "that could be arranged. I happen to know the guy. He's one of Betts' rookie pitchers."

Boy, her eyes got big! "You mean—you mean he really is a—a ballplayer?"

"Really and truly, and, as such, entitled to his little squawk."

I picked up the telephone, and half an hour later Lang McKeldin strode into the shop. He was one hundred eighty-seven pounds of genuine man; tall and lean and long-muscled. Dark hair. Brown eyes that, along with his fighting chin, showed he had considerably more than just a thin streak of temper in him.

"Miss Martin," I said sweetly, "may I present Mr. Lang McKeldin?"

Then I waited for the fireworks. But they didn't come. Miss June Martin opened her lovely mouth, then closed it. Mr. Lang McKeldin looked sort of sheepish, and then suddenly he grinned.

"You may fire when ready, Miss Martin," he told June. "I could die happy just looking at you."

June did make one little attempt to fire, then she fell back. Young McKeldin grinned again. June said, "You—you don't look like a person that would—well, deliberately try to hurt somebody."

"Say!" McKeldin told her. "We could iron this thing out better over a cup of coffee across the street."

"But I'm a working woman."

I am an old hand at sniffing romance in the air. I said to June, "Beat it, kid. I'll front for you if anything happens."

In the following weeks it was amazing how often Rookie Pitcher McKeldin felt the urge to come up and chew the fat with Sports Editor Mike Williams, and equally amazing the number of times June Martin found herself visiting the sports department. They took a lot of kidding and laughed back. In no time at all they were the pets of the whole Times-Leader outfit. There was just something about them and about their joy in this wonderful, beautiful, crazy thing that had happened to them that made the rest of us love the ground they walked on.

I found I could sit for hours listening to them plan the great things they'd do when Lang reached the big leagues. The rest of us planned, too; we'd already picked out their wedding presents. Most of the boys and girls on the Times-Leader dwelt on the mildewed side of forty and here was something incredibly young and fresh. Something to make you remember the old mill stream and violets in the spring and your first date.

Lang pitched good ball for a rookie. I used to think he had all the physical equipment to make him an outstanding star, and I also used to think he wasn't realizing on all his assets, that he somehow needed something

Baseball and love!—You'll like this gay tale of what may happen when they mix

to jolt him into greatness. I guess I was right about that.

Still, he finished with a winning average and was signed for the following year. He could've gone back to the Texas college where he'd been graduated and got a job helping the basketball coach. But he decided to stay here in town and take an off-season position in a store. And you couldn't blame him. When a girl is as lovely as June was those days, you stay just as close to her as you possibly can.

So Lang worked in the store and June worked on the paper and also on a little memorial she was writing

(*Continued on page 58*)

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

☆ OUT in Hollywood we had a thing called "Breen trouble." This didn't refer to a fashionable new ailment, an income-tax expert, or the last race at Hollywood Park, things which normally annoy our folks.

If you happened to be in a producer's office and heard him say into the phone, "Can't make it today; I've got Breen trouble," it simply indicated that said producer was having a difference of opinion about his story, shooting script, or picture production with Mr. Joseph I. Breen, director of the Production Code Administration for the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America.

It would inform you that the producer and Mr. Breen—who for all practical purposes of that great and hitherto mysterious Code was the Hays Office—couldn't see eye to eye on dialogue written for Claudette Colbert in Arise My Love, the major thesis of Primrose Path, or the costumes to be worn by Miss Veronica Lake in I Wanted Wings.

Joseph I. Breen, the best known man to citizens of Hollywood, sat in that enviable but oft fatal position of being able to tell his bosses what to do. He was also the clearinghouse for any protests or objections you or your family wanted to register about the movies.

Ironically enough, the past tense of the preceding paragraphs is what has caused a major shock in Hollywood and sent famous stars, producers, directors, and writers scurrying hither and yon in a panic.

Because our Mr. Breen, after supervising the not-usually-discussed-in-public Code for eight hectic years, has gone and resigned.

Now Hollywood *really* has Breen trouble, and resembles a small boy who threatened to run away unless papa let him play with that nice sharp razor—and suddenly papa took him up on it.

Whom are we going to get to replace the wise, experienced, diplomatic, tolerant, yet stern and rock-bound Mr. Breen?

At first glance this may seem to have nothing to do with you, the public. But when you stop to think that neither you nor your family ever see a motion picture that hasn't been through the hands of the Code director, you will realize that it has a lot to do with you and your favorite form of entertainment.

Millionaire producer Howard Hughes has just found out, too. His The Outlaw is now reposing on the shelf because Mr. Breen turned thumbs down on Miss Jane Russell's anatomical display.

"If we released that picture we'd have the Legion of Decency and every woman's club in America down on our necks!" Mr. Breen roared at Mr. Hughes. "It violates the Code and I can't pass it."

Thus Mr. Breen operated in what the Code declares were the best interests of the people. He was the "thou shalt not" man who told the big shots what they could and couldn't put on the screen.

Funny part is, of course, that his large salary and the huge operating costs of his office were paid by the motion pictures themselves, even as the Code was formulated and accepted by the producers themselves.

When the Donut Institute threatened to boycott movies because the art of dunking was not properly presented in pictures—when aviation committees descended upon Hollywood shrieking against any screen showing of an airplane accident—when Bourbon advertisers got their feelings hurt on account of most men about town in pictures ordered Scotch and soda—when the milliners insisted hatless movie stars were ruining their trade—who was the man they saw?

Joseph I. Breen.

When a director wanted to know what England would do about two people seventy-five years old in one bed after the celebration of their golden wedding anniversary, when a writer needed information about the sovereign State of Pennsylvania and its attitude toward adultery and divorce in a celluloid version, when producers needed expert information about New York, Italy, Australia, or Iceland, who knew all about that, too?

Breen.

You can begin to imagine why, in the face of this gentleman's resigna-

Wh

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

tion, Hollywood has forgotten the private fights and rebellions, the "do we have to make pictures for nothing but twelve-year-olds" cracks that were often heard floating out of a Breen conference.

He can't, they said, do this to us! At Hollywood parties, over luncheon tables at the Brown Derby, buzzing from studio offices, between dances at Ciro's, you heard the question: Why did Joe Breen resign?

Rumor had it that he was resigning because some producers thought he was too tough and a good many thought he wasn't tough enough—that he let things slip by that got terrific kickbacks.

I know why Joe Breen resigned, because he told me.

He's plumb wore out.

Eight years of interpreting the Code, eight years of trying to please all of the people all of the time, eight years of being on the spot between warring

reen Resigned

rom

From the inside—Eye-opening facts about his suddenly ended career as Hollywood's master of morals

he Hays Office

factions in the most delicate and difficult juggling act the world has ever seen, have got the big Irishman down.

Yet Joe Breen has done as much for the motion-picture business as any man who ever lived, and everybody in Hollywood is not only aware of it but deeply grateful for it. And who is going to take on the man-killing job nobody knows.

At luncheon at Louis B. Mayer's the Sunday after his resignation was announced, Larry Weingarten, one of the most brilliant of the young producers, said to me, "He has good taste, fine story understanding, a complete realization of our problems, plus an honest sense of our responsibility to the public. I've had a lot of dealings with him and he's a great loss to us, believe me." And to this Mr. Mayer, head of the greatest of the movie studios, nodded agreement.

The Code, which Mr. Breen has interpreted so well, is a document covering fifteen printed pages. It has not, to my knowledge, been given to the public before, which I think has been a mistake, for it surely testifies to the good faith of the picture industry in attempting to do its own censoring so as to avoid the evils and horrors and mistakes of political censorship. It says, in part:

"Motion-picture producers recognize the high trust and confidence which have been placed in them by the people of the world and which have made motion pictures a universal form of entertainment.

"They recognize their responsibility to the public because of this trust and because entertainment and art are important influences in the life of a nation.

"Hence, though regarding motion pictures primarily as entertainment without any explicit purpose of teaching or propaganda, they know that the motion picture within its own field may be directly responsible for spiritual and moral progress, for higher types of social life and for much correct thinking.

"On their part, they ask from the public and from public leaders a sympathetic understanding of their purposes and problems and a spirit of co-operation that will allow them the freedom and opportunity necessary to bring the motion picture to a still higher level.

"General Principles

"1. No picture shall be produced which will lower the moral standards of those who see it. Hence the sympathy of the audience shall never be thrown to the side of crime, wrongdoing, evil or sin.

"2. Correct standards of life, subject only to the requirements of drama and entertainment, shall be presented.

"3. Law, natural or human, shall not be ridiculed, nor shall sympathy be created for its violation."

Of course, underneath those general principles are pages of specific rules and regulations, many of them easy and obvious. "The technique of murder must be presented in a way that will not inspire imitation." Sex perversion, illegal drug traffic, white slavery, sex hygiene cannot be shown at all, naturally. Seduction or rape can only be suggested when essential to the plot and "they are never the proper subject for comedy." Obscenity in word, gesture, reference, song, joke, or suggestion is forbidden. So is profanity.

This Code was written by an outstanding teacher and churchman. Mr. Breen's job has been to interpret it in its more elastic and creative phases.

In the midst of a heated argument about a story that was barred from the screen, Mr. Breen once stood up and yelled so that you could hear him all over the lot: "It's *your* Code. I didn't write it. I can't rewrite it. You made it. You know *why* you made it. I'm here to interpret and enforce it, and until you do change it or throw me out I'll enforce it the way you wrote it and the way I see it."

His motto, which most of us know well from our own meetings with Mr. Breen, is, "Let's make pictures reasonably acceptable to reasonable people."

That doesn't mean you can't show a woman smoking a cigarette because some people claim it's indecent, nor that female screen stars must grow long hair since certain elder gentlemen write in declaring nobody but a "bad girl" cuts her hair.

The Code Administrator has to walk the tight rope, while beneath him boils the sea of possible political censorship, the rocks of empty theaters and box-office flops on the other hand, while wild-eyed writers and producers, who have a swell yarn they think ought to come under the Code, scream at him.

It used to be that said Code Administrator only saw a picture when it was completed. By that time anywhere from one hundred thousand to a million or so dollars had gone into the reels of celluloid. Something had to be done about disasters like that. So Mr. Breen worked out a system which in his eight years in the judgment seat has saved the industry a pretty penny.

Last year Breen and his assistants read 36,000 stories submitted as possible pictures. Out of these the more than six hundred movies from which you selected your film entertainment were chosen. Breen now reads and gives a verdict on an average of three and a half scripts per picture.

If you had a terrific story idea or scene, and you got stuck, you called up Breen before you wrote it. If he could, he'd help you find a way to do it that was within the Code. If he couldn't, you saved yourself the agony of doing it and your company the time and money of that wasted effort.

Let's see why some of the pictures about which there have been protests of late—incidentally, the protests have been cut down from hundreds of thousands to a few thousands per month under the Breen regime—got by the Hays Office and Mr. Breen.

Take Primrose Path. Now, that is a little tale about prostitutes. When the book February Hill from which it was scripted came up to Mr. Breen, he found he could not bar it under the Code.

The reason it couldn't be banned under the Code—nor can many stories like it—is because the Code simply says, as you know, "The sympathy of the audience shall never be thrown

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READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

Two-Gu

☆ "EVERY so often," said Freddy Fitzsimmons, "there comes up to the major leagues a rookie who handles himself with such easy, graceful assurance that any one can spot him as a natural ballplayer."

We were standing in the Brooklyn dugout watching the Dodgers at morning practice.

"Mel Ott and Joe DiMaggio were like that; so were Lou Boudreau and Joe Gordon—and so is 'Pete' Reiser," and Freddy gazed complacently toward center field. At that instant Dolph Camilli rammed a sizzler into left center that tore through the grass "like a hired man eating celery." With the spat of the ball against the bat, Reiser came swooping in from center, and while in full flight scooped up the speeding ball with one hand and in the same flowing motion shot the pill to second, whence it was relayed to first. It all happened in a flash—a sure double play in any league!

"See what I mean?" said Fitz.

As I watched the kid streaking about the outfield like a whippet, picking balls out of the air as if they were apples on a tree, I asked, "Is he really as good as they say he is—in the clutch, I mean?"

"He's better," said Freddy the Great. "Get a load of his record. Why, the kid's a storybook ballplayer!"

Unless you're a professional baseball scout—and a good one, at that—up till a couple of months ago you probably never heard of the New Iberia Ball Club. You probably never even heard of the Evangeline League, of which New Iberia is a respected member. That's down Louisiana way. But if you don't know both today, it's a cinch you're not a very keen baseball fan—and not a Brooklyn fan. Because that's where Harold Patrick Reiser, alias "Two-Gun Pete," the $100 rookie who blazed swiftly into a $100,000 star, made his professional debut in baseball.

Born on St. Patrick's Day, 1920, in St. Louis, Missouri, Harold Patrick Reiser lived a normal American boyhood life. He attended school and early showed marked aptitude for baseball. He threw equally well with either hand, and he became so proficient that his playmates nicknamed him "Two-Gun Pete," after the hero of a Western movie serial—a nickname that has stuck to him, though now it's tailored to plain Pete.

His father, George Reiser, who had pitched in a Class D league, helped develop his talent, first by playing catch with him in their back yard, and later by taking him to the fair grounds, where the ex-pitcher served 'em up hot while the youngster batted. By the time he entered high school Pete was one of the star players of the St. Louis Municipal League. He attracted the attention of Branch Rickey of the St. Louis Cardinals, who farmed him out to the New Iberia team.

Coming up for his first time at bat as a professional, he faced a dramatic situation: There were two out and the bases were loaded. The crowd set up a loud groan as this seventeen-year-old kid took his stance in the batter's box, and the pitcher grinned broadly. But the groan merged into a wild roar as the youngster poled the first ball pitched high over the center-field fence for a home run.

Afield, playing shortstop, he electrified the crowd and awed the opposing players by scooping the ball out of the dirt or snatching it out of the air with either hand and snapping it from port or starboard side with unerring accuracy to the spot where it would do the most good.

From here he was sent to the Newport team in the Northeast Arkansas League, where he continued to clean up and whack the ball hither and yon until Kenesaw Mountain Landis, the High Commissioner of Baseball, declared him a free agent, along with about 122 others in the Cardinals' "chain gang." Unable to hang onto the youngster himself, Branch Rickey, head of the Cardinals, recommended him to Ted McGrew, chief scout for the Dodgers. The wily McGrew had had his eagle eye on Pete for some time, but he dissembled. The next thing anybody knew, he'd signed the kid to a contract for the Dodgers for a paltry *one hundred dollars*!

In 1938, MacPhail sent Pete to Superior in the Northern League, where he hit .302 in 95 games, including 27 doubles, 10 triples, and 18 homers. He stole 21 bases.

Manager Leo Durocher, playing shortstop for the Dodgers, hadn't planned to take Reiser to the spring training camp at Clearwater, Florida, in 1939, but when Leo smashed a finger, he sent for the kid to fill in; and just five days after his nineteenth birthday—the day the Dodgers were to play against the St. Louis Cardinals in St. Petersburg—this conversation took place in the dugout:

"Listen, kid," said Durocher. "They've got some mighty good right-handed pitchers. Do you think you can do any good against them?"

"Mr. Durocher, I can hit any right-handed pitcher who throws a baseball," modestly replied the kid. Then he went out to "show 'em"—he's from Missouri, you know. Six pitchers, one southpaw and five right-handers, tried in two successive games to get him out, without success. He belted the first ball pitched to him over the right-field fence for a home run. A pass and two singles gave him a perfect day at bat. He faced three different pitchers that day.

The next day, against the Cincinnati Reds and against even better-grade twirling by three star pitchers, Pete singled his first time up, hit a homer over the right-field fence his second time, beat out an infield hit to short, and capped it all by slamming a 450-foot circuit clout over the fence in center field!

By now the players were ribbing Durocher: "What kind of bench manager will *you* make, Leo?" and "Are you going to wave a score card, like Connie Mack?" Even Larry MacPhail took a hand in the gleeful kidding, for he walked up to Durocher with both hands outstretched; with one he took away Leo's glove, and with the other he shook hands and laughingly wished him a long and happy stay on the bench.

Durocher took it all with delighted good nature. "If he'd been with Chuck Dressen all last year, he'd be ready right now," he grinned. "We know he can hit, run, and throw, but we're not even sure shortstop is his spot yet."

The next day, against the Detroit Tigers, Reiser smacked a scorching single to center his first time up. But when the inning ended he had worked so hard he had run himself into a Charley horse, and this injury took him out of the game.

Eight straight hits his first eight times at bat in a Brooklyn uniform, including three home runs! A perfect batting average of 1,000. Even Al Schacht, the Clown Prince of Baseball, was duly impressed. "Migosh!" he gasped. "If I was that kid I'd quit

How to hold the bat for homer-poling purposes: Two-Gun Pete Reiser teaches Jack Dempsey.

Pete

Rookie sensation! Presenting 1941's "storybook ballplayer"

BY JACK DEMPSEY.

Sports Editor of Liberty

right now! Boy, what a record he'd have in the books!"

Pete's injury caused MacPhail to farm him out to Elmira in the Eastern League at the beginning of the season, and the boy spent the larger part of last season with the same club. He had been hitting .378 in 67 games and had stolen 28 bases when he was recalled near the end of July by the Dodgers. The rest of the league never caught up with that, even in about twice as many games, and Reiser wound up with the 1940 base-stealing championship of the league. Kermit Lewis, who led the league in batting, finished with a .325 average, 53 points less than Reiser's when Pete was recalled.

Reiser played 58 games with the Dodgers last year and hit .293, which he admits disappointed him. He jumped in for Peewee Reese at shortstop when the latter was beaned, and also replaced Lavagetto when Harry had appendicitis.

In spite of his brilliant success so far, Pete is a classic example of the vicissitudes of the baseball business. In his first year with Elmira, while he was batting at the rate of .350, early in July he snapped a bone in his arm in swinging at a ball. He went to Johns Hopkins for an operation, but aggravated his ailment soon after he returned to the line-up, and his final average dipped to .303.

Next he suffered an attack of appendicitis and had to undergo an operation in November, 1939. So far this year, injuries twice have forced him out of the line-up. Playing against Philadelphia on April 23, he was beaned when he failed to get his head out of the way of one of Ike Pearson's side-arm deliveries and was out of the game for a week.

His next injury came when he crashed into the wall after making an incredible catch of a tremendous liner to deep center at Ebbets Field in the second game with the Cardinals. Don't get the idea that Pete is fragile. He stands 5 feet 11 inches and weighs 185 pounds of bone and sinew and vital power. Despite his setbacks, at this writing he is leading the Dodgers in batting and has been one of the mainstays of the team.

On Brooklyn's first Western tour, Reiser, now converted into a full-fledged center fielder, rapped out 8 hits in 21 times at bat for an average of .380, setting a pace which, if maintained by his teammates, would have resulted in winning at least five of the six games which the Dodgers lost on the trip.

This fabulous youngster is considered by many wise baseball veterans the greatest rookie in ten years. The first time Durocher saw him in action he dubbed him "another Joe Cronin." He has a rifle arm, keen competitive spirit, the power swing of a pile driver, and an even temperament—in fact, he's a born ballplayer. That's what they told me about him. Now, after sizing him up myself, I heartily endorse this description of him.

His favorite—and only—card game is gin rummy. He doesn't drink and rarely smokes a cigarette. His winter sports are ice skating and bowling.

Gals? He likes 'em all; there's no "steady" yet. Both of his parents are alive and of course are great baseball fans. He thinks the Dodgers are the best team in either league and will win the pennant.

His biggest thrill in baseball?

"Well, believe it or not, it was knocking that homer with the bases full in my first pro game at New Iberia," he told me. "That experience has had more to do with my progress in the game thus far than anything else that ever happened to me. Since then I've always welcomed a chance to step up with the bases full and clear them with a homer. If I ever make the grade, that homer will be responsible."

Then, after showing me how to hold the bat for the homer-poling feat, with a cheery "So long, Jack!" he trotted out to center to play against the Phillies.

To me it was just a ball game until the Dodgers went to bat in their half of the sixth inning, with the score 4 to 3 against them. It was the crucial point in the game. Vosmik walked; Medwick got to first when Bragan fumbled his "double-play" roller; Owen's sacrifice advanced both runners. Walker was passed, filling the bases. Coscarart, running for Vosmik, scored as May tossed out Reese. Herman walked, again filling the bases, *and up came Reiser!*

Ike Pearson was on the mound. Would the kid be "gun-shy" of his fast one? The score was tied; there were two out and the bases were filled. Reiser, I thought, would surely blow—he couldn't do it this time!

The ball streaked to the plate, there was a crash, the ball sailed away—and four players paraded across the plate. By heck, Two-Gun Pete *had* done it again—before my very eyes!

THE END

The Rise and Fall of Joseph Schenck

Rags to riches—where next? The colorful true story behind an amazing American career

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

This is the life story, hitherto untold, of the Hollywood executive who in April was sentenced to three years for federal income-tax evasions, and whose appeal is pending. Schenck himself is the source of most of his story's intimate details; friends and associates, past and present, have confirmed them.

He was born in a Russian village, Rybinsk—exactly how long ago, he doesn't know. He was about thirteen when, in 1892, his family sent him to America. The boy worked in factories in New Jersey, saving money to study pharmacy. At nineteen he became an apprentice in a grimy drugstore on New York City's Bowery, where he got acquainted with a young singing waiter named Izzy Baline—later Irving Berlin. About 1900 he saw his first movie, and told Izzy that somebody would make a million out of this invention.

In 1904 Joe Schenck went to work in a drugstore on the city's upper East Side. A year later his rapid rise to the sensational prosperity that was to make him a big-time executive by day and a big-time gambler by night began when he bought the store out. Next he saw the possibilities in an amusement resort at Fort George, where crowds gathered on hot summer Sundays. He leased a small building and, with the help of his brother Nicholas, did well enough in one season to begin constructing Paradise Park there. This was to be a great success, but in 1910 the Schencks were to make a much greater one with their new Palisades Park, over in New Jersey. Then young Marcus Loew got Nick Schenck to manage the theaters of the chain he was forming, and Joe to book vaudeville acts for them. In 1912 Joe met—but, to his chagrin, failed to sign up—a little comedian from England whose performance had delighted him and Irving Berlin: Charles Chaplin.

PART TWO—MERCHANT OF ROMANCE

☆ JOE SCHENCK was about thirty-two when, in 1912, he began to think seriously of eventually giving up his post as general booking manager of vaudeville talent for Loew's, Inc., and devoting himself to moving pictures. The screen was still in bad odor with the stage; prominent stage producers such as David Belasco and Florenz Ziegfeld still thought moving pictures would soon be a thing of the past. Stage stars frowned at offers from the Vitagraph Studios in Brooklyn, the Biograph Company on Manhattan's Fourteenth Street, the Lubin outfit in Philadelphia, Essanay in Chicago, and from Mack Sennett and the other producers in California.

But Joe Schenck was always, to quote Darryl Zanuck, "a long-range guy." Joe had seen some of the work of a director from Kentucky named David Wark Griffith, and in several pictures he had seen a girl who called herself Mary Pickford. He remarked to his friend Al Lichtman, who in 1912 was in the stage end of showmanship, "Some day moving pictures will kill vaudeville."

Lichtman laughed. The next day, having just moved into new offices that afforded a view into Joe Schenck's private sanctum, he waited until he saw Joe seated at his desk, then phoned him: "Joe, I've just come across a marvelous invention that I can get cheap. I thought maybe you'd like a piece of it."

"What is it?" Joe asked.

"You won't believe this," said Lichtman, "but the inventor, who has just come from Europe, has put it on my telephone and I can see you right now as clear as can be."

"Listen," said Schenck. "I'm busy, Al, and I can't waste my time fooling."

"But I'm serious, Joe. This is the greatest invention since the moving pictures."

Joe bit. "All right. If you can see me, what kind of tie am I wearing?"

"It's a striped tie—black and white stripes."

"And what color is my suit?"

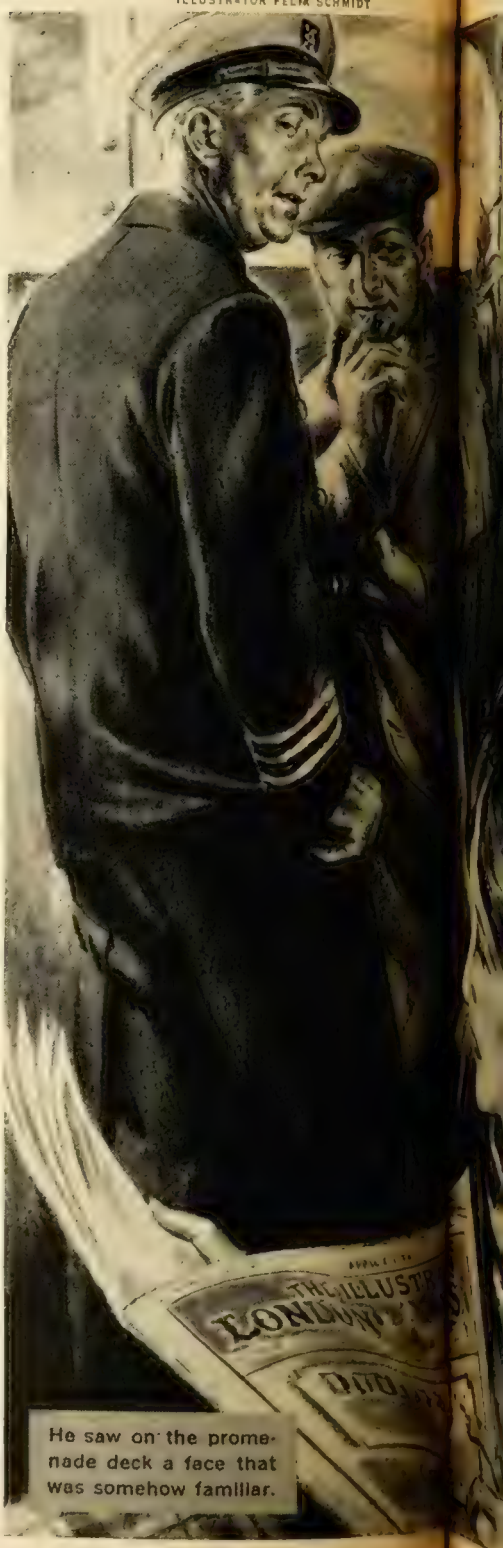
"Dark gray."

"And now," said Joe, "I'm going to do something. Tell me what it is." He ran his left hand through his hair, then stroked his chin—and Lichtman promptly told him he was doing so. "Boy!" he said. "That really is an invention! I'll be right over!"

When Joe learned that Al was occupying an office from which he could see inside Joe's own, he joined in the laughter. "But there's a serious side to this, Joe," said Lichtman, joshing. "Twenty-five years from now, you'll be more likely to see somebody over the phone than you will be to find a theater playing a moving picture. They just won't be making them."

One of Schenck's close friends in those days was Roland West, a producer of vaudeville acts. This is the

ILLUSTRATOR FELIX SCHMIDT



He saw on the promenade deck a face that was somehow familiar.

same Roland West who, the United States Treasury Department alleges, participated in a complicated stock-loss deal with Joe Schenck in 1935—a deal which was mainly responsible for the movie magnate being convicted, April 24 last, on charges of income-tax evasion—a conviction he is appealing. Roland West, who was subsequently to become one of Hollywood's top-flight directors, agreed with Joe that movies had a future and said he would be willing to direct a picture for him. "All right," said Schenck. "I read a story in a magazine the other night and I can rent space in a studio on Forty-eighth Street. I'll work on the story with you after I buy it, and I figure we should be able to make the whole picture for twenty thousand dollars."

"Who are you going to put in the picture?" asked West.

"I've got a big name—Josie Collins. She's willing to make it." Josie Collins was a stage favorite of the day.

The picture, entitled Lost Souls, was produced in less than two weeks, and Schenck made a deal with the Fox Film Corporation to release it. It was a bell-ringer, and was one of the first instances in the movies of featuring a star rather than the picture itself.

In 1913 Joe went to Europe to scout for vaudeville talent. In August, while returning to New York, he saw on the promenade deck of the steamer a face that was somehow familiar. He made inquiries and learned that the owner of the face was Evelyn Nesbit, who had been Harry Thaw's wife seven years before when Thaw had killed Stanford White. She had since been married to her dancing partner, Jack Clifford.

Schenck got acquainted with her and learned her whole story, and that she was in constant fear that Thaw might escape from Matteawan, where he was being held as criminally insane, and seek her out for purposes of vengeance. When the liner docked in New York harbor, reporters swarmed aboard to inform her that Thaw had escaped two days previously.

Some of the reporters had newspapers with them, and Joe noticed that the Thaw story was the big feature in every paper he could see. And so, while Evelyn Nesbit was being interviewed, Joe went into a huddle with himself. Here, he decided, was a name that would once again be known the length and breadth of the land. Before Evelyn walked down the gangplank, she had agreed to star in a picture that Joseph M. Schenck would produce. It was to be based on her life, and he had even thought up the title—Redemption.

He rented space in one of the big studios over at Fort Lee, New Jersey. Redemption was filmed in a fortnight, Joe and the director, Julius Steger, writing most of the scenario, based upon incidents that Evelyn had told Joe about during the crossing. Joe started Redemption in the George M.

BY ALAN HYND

Cohan Theater in New York at advanced prices. Afterward, he was able to sell it throughout the country with the tag: "The picture that New York audiences paid two dollars to see." He recalls what his eventual profits were —an even $200,000.

"It's strange how events that appear to have no connection with you often set the course of your destiny," he told me recently. "While I knew that my life was going to be devoted to moving pictures, it was really Harry Thaw's escape from Matteawan that decided me to get into picture production as quickly as possible. I talked it over with Marcus Loew and my brother Nicholas, and they agreed that if anything so remote from me as a man I did not even know escaping from an asylum had had important bearing on my life, then my going into picture production must be fate."

He made another picture with Evelyn Nesbit the following year, 1914, but it wasn't until a year later that he had his theatrical and amusement park affairs in such shape that he could concentrate on pictures. Meanwhile he had been studying them. He had noted the rise in popularity of such stars as Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin, the little comedian whom, three years before, he had just missed signing up. His idea was that, for several years at least, the movies were going to produce their own stars. He told Roland West, "If you see any young girl, even in a small part, who looks as if she has real acting ability, let me know."

West walked into Schenck's office a couple of weeks later. "Joe," he said, "I've just seen a girl in a picture called The Battle Cry of Peace. She can't be more than nineteen or twenty, she looks like something you'd see in a dream—and she certainly can act."

"What's her name?" asked Schenck.

"I don't know," said West, "but we can find out."

Joe Schenck went to see The Battle Cry of Peace. He was impressed by the dark and lovely girl. If he had any personal feelings, they didn't come to the surface then. He was all business. "Offer her seventy-five a week," he said.

West walked in with bad news a couple of days later: "Joe, that girl wants four hundred. She won't sign up for a penny less."

"Bosh!" said Schenck. "No twenty-year-old kid is worth four hundred a week. What's her name, anyway?"

"Talmadge—Norma Talmadge."

"She's certainly got her nerve with her. Why, I've never even heard the name Talmadge before."

The following year, 1916, Joseph Schenck formed a producing company to put out the pictures of a big, moon-faced fellow named Roscoe Conkling Arbuckle, popularly known as Fatty. Arbuckle had been one of the original Keystone cops, creations of Mack Sennett, but now he was on the way to bigger things and Joe Schenck had had to do some fast talking to get his name on a contract. It had helped that the big fellow had been greatly impressed by the fact that Schenck had produced the Evelyn Nesbit pictures.

Not long after signing up, Arbuckle invited his new producer out to Healey's, at Long Beach, Long Island. "There's an actress I want you to meet," he said. "I think maybe she'll be a big star some day."

When he presented Joe Schenck to the actress in question, both Norma Talmadge, not yet twenty-one, and Joe

(*Continued on page 55*)

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Ed likes to be beside the Seaside

He's in again! A sidesplitting tale of the talking horse and his most hilariously successful masquerade

BY WALTER BROOKS

☆ THIS Wilbur Pope would have been a lot happier I guess if he hadn't had such a beautiful wife. Not that I suppose he'd have swapped her for a homely one if you could have convinced him of it. But most of the neighbors out around Mt. Kisco were in love with her and so the number of people who dropped in for cocktails on Saturdays and Sundays you wouldn't believe. This kind of competition keeps a man on his toes and Mr. Pope was the kind of man who likes to drop back on his heels weekends and relax.

Ed thought it was a crying shame. Ed was Mr. Pope's horse. I know that as a rule animals don't talk but Ed did. Ed said that after a hard week in town Mr. Pope ought to be able to drop back on his heels. Only if it was me he said I wouldn't drop on my own heels—I'd drop on some of those heels that are drinking up your good liquor. Take this guy they call Laddie—Mr. Laidlaw to you horse said Mr. Pope. That's right said Ed twit me with my parentage. Well thank heavens I'm a horse if this Laddie is a human. What's the guy got Wilbur that they all bow down and mumble when he shows up? Money said Mr. Pope—money and a swell big house down on the Cape that they all want to be invited to. Yeah? said Ed and I gather he's invited you and the missis for ten days? Mr. Pope said he had.

Look Wilbur said Ed it ain't any of my business but you've always spent your vacations right here in Mt. Kisco and we've always had a good time haven't we? You know what these big houses are—all glitter and pomp and servants giving you the down-the-nose when you drop ashes on the floor. That ain't for you. And another thing he said you know how all that stuff goes to a woman's head and already your wife is giving this Laddie boy some pretty cozy looks. You know I won't tolerate any criticism of Carlotta Ed said Mr. Pope coldly. O K O K said Ed. So I suppose you're going then? Mr. Pope just sighed. So Ed sighed too to show sympathy which he didn't feel much of because he thought Mr. Pope was a sap to put up with it. I guess Ed had never been in love. Hand me my saddle he said and let's crawl over to Barney's for some beer. So they did. And after the third bottle Mr. Pope said Anyway Ed I promise I won't go to the Cape unless I take you along.

Now Ed was the kind of horse that when you looked at him you were reminded of milk wagons rather than of pink coats and Mrs. Pope was ashamed of him. And so maybe he wouldn't have got to the Cape after all if Mr. Laidlaw hadn't backed Mr. Pope up. Sure let him bring the horse along Carlotta he said. We haven't any horses now so there's lots of stable room. And if he likes exploring back roads so much there's miles of them where you hardly ever meet a car. Mr. Laidlaw seldom addressed Mr. Pope directly but talked to Mrs. Pope about him. As if you was her half-witted child said Ed. Why don't you sock him one in the gobbler Wilb? It would make a swell headline. Laidlaw Laid Low. Prominent advertising executive plugs playboy. O shut up Ed said Mr. Pope.

So Ed traveled down to the Cape in a boxcar. Mrs. Pope wanted Mr. Pope to hire a man to go with him but Mr. Pope said no he'd rather take care of Ed himself. So when they cantered up the drive of the Laidlaw home after twenty-four hours en route they were neither of them looking their best. They cantered right into the middle of a luncheon party on the terrace.

My heaven Laddie bury the silver! said some one It's Mosby's guerrillas! And some one began to sing John Peel. But Mrs. Pope who had driven down the day before jumped up and she and Mr. Laidlaw hustled Mr. Pope into the house. So when he'd had a bath and a change he came out and was introduced. Most of the party seemed to be neighbors but there were some house guests —a couple named Cameron who quarreled a lot and a languid girl

After a minute Ed said Hey for cat's sake Wilb What's going on out there? Mr. Pope looked.

ILLUSTRATOR CHARLES LA SALLE

named Lily something. And then there was Mr. Laidlaw's mother who was formidable as several bushels of inherited bonds could make her and believe me that is pretty formidable. She looked at Mr. Pope as one might look at a doubtful oyster. Of course that makes you feel like a doubtful oyster and Mr. Pope did and acted like one too. They couldn't get anything out of him about his trip down and so by and by they got tired of making fun of him and talked of something else.

The something else was a sea serpent that some local fishermen claimed to have seen. According to all accounts it had a sort of dragon head on a long neck that stuck up out of the water and a long snakelike body —usually submerged. One man had mistaken the head for a buoy and tried to moor to it one night and the head had bitten a big piece out of the gunwale. Then it had swum away hissing. Mr. Laidlaw said he guessed it was just the natives having their usual fun with the summer people but Lily said it was queer then that their descriptions all agreed so exactly. I know said Mr. Laidlaw. Big expressionless dull eyes and a green mane. The conventional sea serpent of all old sailors' yarns. The real one is quite different. They've got one up at Yale—a 42-foot giant squid with eight arms and two 30-foot tentacles— Goodness Laddie stop it! said Mrs. Pope. You know how I love sea bathing. You'll scare me so I shan't go near the water. Well hang your clothes on a hickory limb said Mr. Cameron and we won't complain.

Well they talked about the serpent for a while but when it came to go swimming nobody seemed scared that he might join them. They dressed in the house and walked down through the garden and across some dunes to the Laidlaw beach and there were chairs and parasols and a little pavilion containing food and assorted firewater. They threw off their robes and dashed into the water with glad cries and Mr. Pope dashed in after them only without the glad cries. He didn't like swimming much because water always got in his ears and roared. Lily who was startling in a bathing suit that so closely matched the color of her skin as to be practically invisible seemed to have decided that he needed encouraging. She had shaken off her languor with her clothes but Mr. Pope having spent the previous night in a boxcar was not feeling vivacious. He apologized for his dullness and excused himself and went ashore. As he started Lily dove and caught him by the ankles and upset him. And he got water in his ears.

He dropped down beside Mrs. Laidlaw who somehow managed to look formal even in a beach chair. Your wife is very pretty said Mrs. Laidlaw. Mr. Pope supposed it was a compliment and wondered how she managed to make it sound like a snub. He said he guessed she was. Mrs. Laidlaw

(Continued on page 41)

Bevin's Message to American Labor

BY JOHANNES STEEL
International reporter and radio commentator

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

By cable from London:

☆ "BRITISH labor will insist that the peoples of the European continent are eventually offered a social and economic alternative to Hitler's so-called new order," said Mr. Ernest Bevin, Minister of Labor and National Service.

He repeated every one of the twenty questions I put to him very slowly, as if to make sure of all their implications.

Speaking of the social and economic alternative that must be offered the suppressed peoples of the European continent to induce them to revolt against oppressors, he emphasized: "The standard of living on the European continent must be raised to that of the level of Great Britain. But this is not all. Present British standards as well as European living standards must eventually reach the level of the American standard of living."

Bevin drove home his point by adding: "You cannot get an economic equilibrium in Europe on which to build sound political and social structures until the living standards both in England and on the European continent reach American standards. Raising of the living standard to these levels is the one and only antidote to protective tariffs and the juggling of currencies which in the end leads to economic and political disaster."

There can be no doubt that Mr. Bevin, who next to Churchill is today Britain's most reliable leader, has thought deeply about these matters. Elaborating, he added:

"Labor cost is the biggest factor in the final product. Therefore labor cost must be equalized. There must be a universal labor standard; this will result in stability. Nothing that Hitler can offer in the way of European economic autarchy, or that an economic autarchy of the twenty-one republics of the Western Hemisphere could offer, can produce this stability. We tried to work out something like that in peace years through the International Labor Office in Geneva.

"But," added the Labor Minister, leaning back heavily in his hard chair and breaking into a broad toothed grin, "the great weakness of the League of Nations was that it had a political head, a labor tail, and no real economic body. In fact, the labor tail never met the political head. This was one of the main factors contributing to the failure of the League. The League of Nations was top-heavy."

When I asked Bevin which was the most pressing problem for the British Ministry of Labor today, he answered me in the single word, "Manpower." Then he said:

"It is not generally understood how much manpower is needed in this war. People are apt to look at it from the point of view of previous wars, but the technical advances required more workers, more apparatus, more appliances used in every piece of armament than ever before. This required additional skilled labor. This manpower is taken out of industry. Because of the necessity for civil defense, today we have more policemen, more firemen, more wardens and other civil defense workers than ever before. All these have been taken away from the labor market. The civil defense alone of Great Britain today involves larger manpower than did the entire military defense of the British Isles in 1914. Every inch of the beaches has to be defended, requiring manpower.

"Therefore, considering that Germany used slave labor in Czechoslovakia, Poland, and other conquered nations, it may be said that Great Britain has done a magnificent job in the way of organizing her manpower for the tremendous needs of war production." Bevin's essential modesty is reflected in this very statement and in his reference to what Britain has done; for it was "Ernie," as the workers call him, who did this job. British people of all classes are unanimous in the belief that no one else could have done the job half so well. Bevin succeeded in achieving the organization of British manpower for war production with minimum friction, and all the decisions and ministerial orders which he has issued are the result of agreements arrived at between both parties, industry and labor, after free debate before the Minister of Labor.

In his conversation with me Bevin emphasized the spirit of co-operation of both industry and labor and told me that he has relatively few troubles and disputes in arriving at agreements. "You see," he said, with a grin, "we have this advantage: every one wants to win the war."

Bevin believes efficiency of workers has not appreciably suffered because of bombing by the German air force, and he told me that there had been greater nervousness about bombing a year ago than there is today. There can be no doubt of that, for from what I have seen in England the British workers, like all other classes of the British population, are completely inured to the bombing and also too bored by it to be annoyed.

When I asked Mr. Bevin the pointed question, "To what extent has the Minister of Labor been able to maintain wage and living standards of British labor since the war began, and what are the assurances that labor's hard-won gains will be fully restored after the war?" he answered readily enough:

"Living standards as counted in money have improved. Naturally, not all the money can be spent because of wartime restrictions and rationing, but the people are very wisely putting their money into state and defense bonds. Generally speaking, welfare, social services, etc., have been enlarged and improved. Health standards are better despite rations. This is in part due to the fact that we have built up a better health reserve during the past fifteen years because of the improved social standards since the last war. As far as wage and hour standards since the war began are concerned, the main change has been the guaranteed week in certain industries. This means that instead of an hourly wage the workers get an average weekly wage. The employer cannot sack the worker without the permission of the National Service officer, who has been appointed by the Minister of Labor. What we are doing is to take a man out of the free labor market and guarantee him employment and an average wage.

"As far as labor's hard-won gains,

Learning how. A glimpse inside one of the great training centers, created by Bevin, where unemployed men are qualified to do vitally necessary jobs in Britain's munitions plants.

Relaxing during a rest hour. These munitions workers in their canteen have been enjoying a concert, and just now are laughing at a comedian's joke. All this, too, is Bevin's doing.

Exclusive—A British leader sends stirring tidings of workers in war today and in tomorrow's world

as you call them, are concerned"—and here again Bevin broke into his almost impish grin—"you may be interested in knowing that the employers, rather than the workers, have been after me asking for the restoration of some of the trade-union practices. Labor has achieved such a security under the present set-up that it might not be too anxious to have some of those so-called hard-won gains restored after the war, although you may be assured that all those fundamental rights which labor has agreed to sacrifice for the duration will be fully restored then. There is complete agreement as to that."

In answer to the question as to what kind of future British labor does envisage, and as to what specific fundamental changes labor hopes for in the economic and political structure of Britain after the war, Bevin told me that the machinery for changes was already established, and that he had complete confidence that a rational discussion on the part of all sections of British life concerned would ensue. He emphasized his feeling that both capital and labor had learned very much, and that the war had brought them much closer together than ever before, and added: "There is a much better understanding between capital and labor today than during the last war."

Speaking very deliberately, weighing every word, he concluded:

"You see, everybody is looking for a system. Looking for a system which guarantees the ordinary welfare and security of the people. But in creating such a system we must preserve all the best that individual initiative and enterprise can give us. But we must make sure to have no bureaucratic state. There must be initiative, but the evils of undirected and uncontrolled organization and competition must be abolished."

After talking for one hour to this heavy-set, broad-shouldered man in his large and gloomy office at the Ministry of Labor, I knew that he was not an ordinary man. This son of the British working class and former secretary of the Transport General Workers' Union, who used to be commonly referred to as "the dockers' K. C.," will be heard of in the future. Today he is co-ordinating the resources of industry and labor in a gigantic production effort that will help Britain to take the offensive in the air in the spring of 1942. Tomorrow he will co-ordinate the resources of British industry and labor for peace.

There was deep sincerity in his voice when he gave me this message for American labor:

"Tell them British labor does not believe that progress is possible without liberty and free association. The latter is the essence of the trade-union movement. Under Nazism this would be destroyed, and I am convinced that if British trade-unionism falls, so will American trade-unionism and trade-unionism everywhere in the world."

THE END

ILLUSTRATOR
JAMES SCHUCKER

"What d'you mean by breaking in on me like this?" he said.

READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

Swiftly a boy and a girl plunge deep into fantastic, terrifying adventure

Footsteps behind her

BY MITCHELL WILSON

☆ ON a bus going east from Hickok, Nevada, Jo Lang, a music teacher who has lost her job through a misconstrued incident involving a cigarette and a pupil who fell in love with her, meets Dick Stowe, an aviation engineer on his way to the New York office of his firm. Dick and Jo and an old couple who sit behind them are the only passengers who are not bound for a millers' convention. They become friendly. Like Dick, the old people have read about the "scandal" that lost Jo her job, but they refuse to believe the lurid stories.

Dick wants Jo to go on to New York with him and marry him, but she gets off at St. Paul, where she has business to attend to. The business finished, she takes a plane and reaches New York in time to meet Dick's bus at the terminal. To her surprise, however, he doesn't get off. The old couple do, but they look through Jo as if they had never seen her before. Then she notices that the old man is carrying Dick's bag! Fear seizes her as she remembers that when she was walking with the old woman at one of the bus' wayside stops, she was almost run down by a car. Now she recalls that the woman could easily have been trying to push her in front of the automobile. And she wonders if, for some unknown reason, these people have done away with Dick.

The old woman gets into a cab and Jo follows the old man. On a bus, he gives the bag to a mannish-looking woman who gets off and steps into a taxi. Puzzled and frightened, Jo takes from her handbag a small empty envelope on the flap of which she has written the address of Dick's firm, the Corbus Company. The envelope had fallen from Dick's bag in the bus. She calls up the company and is told that no Richard Stowe is there; however, if he is coming from another branch, his name would not ordinarily be registered until his arrival.

While in the phone booth, Jo sees a stout man watching her. She goes to a roominghouse to get a room, and has an uneasy sense of being followed all the way. When Ann Cabrini, a musician who lives at the house, asks Jo to play with her trio at a wedding in Brooklyn that night, Jo consents. The bridegroom wants to make a notation, and Jo gives him the empty envelope she has in her bag, after tearing off the flap with Dick's address on it. Later in the evening she accepts a drink from one of the guests—and realizes, too late, that he is the stout man who watched her in the telephone booth, and that the drink is drugged. Just before she loses consciousness, she sees the woman from the transcontinental bus bending over her and hears the stout man offer to drive her (Jo) back to New York.

She wakes up in her room the next morning and discovers that it and her suitcase have been searched. Immediately she goes to the Corbus Company to see if Dick Stowe has arrived. He has. But when she enters the office where he and another man are working, he looks at her without a sign of recognition. "Is there anything I can do for you?" he asks politely.

PART THREE—AN UNEXPECTED TRIP

☆ JO stared at Dick stupidly. She was stunned. For a moment she wasn't sure that she had heard him correctly; but the total lack of recognition in his face was physical reinforcement to her shock. She turned slowly to the other man, hoping for some sign from him that all this wasn't to be taken seriously. But the man was watching her curiously. He said something to her, but she didn't make any sense of it. Jo looked back to Dick again helplessly.

He was staring at her, his eyes reserved and polite, without even the slightest flicker of retraction. Jo felt her heart swell and fill her throat as a momentary self-doubt screamed at her. Perhaps she was no longer sane; perhaps the shock of last night, perhaps fear, perhaps . . . The stream of thought died out from contact with reality.

"Which Mr. Stowe are you looking for?" she heard the other man ask.

She looked at him blankly, too dazed to talk. She didn't know what to say, and it didn't seem to matter that she had no answer. She was so overwhelmed with terror that only a reflexive sense of balance kept her standing.

This was the worst thing that had happened so far. Up to now, whatever had happened had come from the outside. There had always been the feeling that somewhere she could get help; all that was necessary was to find Dick. No matter how bad it had seemed, there was always the promise of haven. She had run to where the haven was supposed to be, only to find that it had never existed. It made all her previous frantic efforts to save herself pointless.

The man's question was still in her ears. Dick had come closer to her, looking at her from across a drawing board. Jo raised her eyes to his distant, impersonal glance.

"You're not looking for a Richard Stowe, are you?" His voice was still quiet, but there was a short pause after the word "not" as though to emphasize it. "Because that's the only Stowe there is here."

Of course she was looking for Richard Stowe—what other Stowe was there? Still she hesitated before speaking. She closed her eyes for a moment, and then rubbed them as though to force some reality and strength into them. When she looked up at last, she saw the other man standing by Dick.

"Aren't you the young lady who has been calling up the past day or so for a Mr. Stowe?" he asked.

Again she tried to speak, but couldn't. She turned helplessly to Dick, hoping against hope that now, finally, he would come to her aid. There was a look of polite concern in his face.

"You seem tired," he said. "Please sit down."

He moved around the table and led her to a seat.

"Can I get you something?" he asked. "A glass of water . . . a cigarette?"

She thought for a moment that his voice had lingered on the word "cigarette," and looked at him for confirmation; but there was nothing in his manner to suggest that he was trying to signal to her.

"A cigarette?" she repeated after him. She stared at him desperately. "Yes, please. I'd like a cigarette."

"Certainly." He turned away and got a package from the desk, ignoring her. He handed her one and then lit it. All the time, though she kept her eyes on his face, she could see nothing more than indifference. Perhaps the very mention of a cigarette should be sufficient, she thought; but then she realized that he had had ample opportunity to show her in even the smallest way that he knew her. His back had been turned to the older man most of the time.

"Now tell me, please," the other man said quietly. "Which Mr. Stowe are you looking for?"

She stared dully at the table. What was keeping her from telling the truth? Why shouldn't she say Richard Stowe? What was wrong here? Her memory flashed over the bus ride, over her contacts with Dick, searching for a clue to his actions. The old couple had ignored her after making an attempt on her life, and then had tortured her with their horrible pursuit. What was Dick's connection with them? Perhaps she had been completely wrong in assuming that they had taken his bag. Why couldn't he have *given* it to them?

Her head and body ached. She felt actually sick. A queer little tune ran through her head, a familiar nursery rhyme. She tried to shake it off as though it were a buzzing. But she couldn't because it forced itself on her, an odd little strain that repeated itself again and again.

Suddenly she realized what it was, and it had a meaning. She looked up. The two men were watching her still, and Dick was whistling as though it were an absent-minded gesture. But it couldn't be. He was whistling The Jolly Miller.

☆ HOPE and reassurance came tearing back to her, flooding her and filling her with new hope. Dick *did* know her. He was trying to tell her something.

". . . lived on the River Dee. . . ."

"I'm looking for a D. Stowe," Jo said suddenly. "Donald Stowe."

She kept her eyes fixed on Dick, watching, gauging his reactions. Nothing moved in his face and he continued to whistle very softly. The other man nodded his head, but there was a puzzled look in his eyes.

"Then you didn't make the telephone calls?" he asked.

"What calls?" said Jo. "I made none."

"There is no Donald Stowe here," he said. He turned to Dick. "But how did she ever get into the plant?" He looked at her again. "Didn't the guard downstairs ask you who you were looking for?"

"I wasn't so specific," Jo managed to say. "I just said Stowe and that's all."

"But that's impossible," the man replied angrily. "He has his orders. He couldn't make such a mistake."

"Oh, I don't know," Dick said. His voice was casual. "It's not hard. After all, there's been so much fuss the last day that any one saying Stowe could have got by. I'll speak to him myself. I'll take the young lady down and speak to the guard myself."

"Be sure that you do," he was warned. "We can't afford to have just anybody come marching into the place." He turned to Jo somewhat apologetically. "I mean nothing personal, of course. It's just that it's not good business to have strangers get by the front door even by mistake."

"Of course," Jo said. Dick was waiting for her at the door. "I'm very sorry to have caused any trouble."

The man nodded and smiled slightly. "Mr. Stowe will see you down."

☆ DICK and Jo walked down the corridor in silence. They were tightly uncomfortable from the unspoken and demanded explanations. Finally, as they stood waiting for the elevator, Dick spoke.

"Pleasant weather, isn't it?" The office door at the end of the hall was still open. The little office on the other side was quiet, as though listening.

"Much too warm for me," Jo said. "I haven't been sleeping well,"

"That's too bad," he remarked, conventionally solicitous. "You didn't mention your name."

"My name—" The elevator door opened and closed after them. "My name is Lang—Jo Lang."

The elevator began its slow, patient descent.

"Do you have a sister in San Diego?" Dick asked. He was laughing now. His voice showed it, but his face was straight.

"No," Jo said. "All my sisters live on buses."

He led her past the guard, who nodded to them. They walked to the corner and turned it without speaking.

"Well?" Jo asked.

"I could ask the same question," he said. He looked tired and strained. His lips seemed compressed. "How does it happen that you're in New York when you were supposed to be in St. Paul?"

"I flew here."

"Flew?" His voice was slow and deliberate. "It's quite expensive, isn't it?"

"You make it sound very sinister," Jo said. "It isn't at all." She explained about the inheritance, but even to her, now, it sounded thin.

"You expect me to believe that?" he demanded.

"You'll have to believe it—it's true."

"In the light of what's happened to me in the last few hours," he said, "I'm afraid I have to be skeptical."

His face was set and angry as he walked along beside her. There was distance between them that was measured in time and what took place in time. The simple security she had been chasing looked as though it were a will-o'-the-wisp and never to be found at all.

"Dick," she said at last, "we have to trust each other. Perhaps one of us is wrong, but that doesn't seem important right now. I had no one else to come to. That's why I've been doing my best to get in touch with you."

"I can't make head or tail of the whole thing," Dick confessed. "I'm willing to believe what you say about your uncle and the inheritance. It's crazy, but then, all of a sudden, everything is. I'm completely confused and bewildered."

"You owe me some explanations, too," Jo reminded him.

He looked at her for a moment and then turned away.

"I suppose we'd better talk," he said. "Let's find a place where we can."

"Suppose we consider this general bewilderment on a full stomach," Jo said. "I haven't had any breakfast."

They went into a restaurant and sat down. It was just twenty-four hours ago that she had started her search for Dick. The same morning crowds had taken possession of the streets, but with Dick they had lost their significance. She felt some security for the first time.

☆ "NOW," she said, "will you please tell me what happened to you, and especially about this last little business?"

He looked at her curiously and his face grew white. "Look, Jo. I've put myself out on a limb for you. The least you can do is not to play coy with me."

"What are you talking about?"

It still didn't make sense. Dick wasn't joking. He had had a bad time of it, and he believed she knew something about it, or even that she was in some degree responsible. The chaotic sensation of being involved in something without understanding it returned.

"Dick!" She spoke quickly. "I don't know what you're talking about!" Her voice broke with her helplessness. "It's a terrible feeling. I've gone through hell in the last twenty-four hours looking for you, and the most terrible thing I encountered was the sensation of being on the periphery of some complicated plot that I haven't been allowed to understand. . . . And when you speak this way it only makes matters worse. I can't stand it, Dick. I'm scared . . . I'm scared stiff!"

"Do you mean to tell me," he asked —and his voice was shocked—"you don't know the police are looking for you?"

"Police? Why should they be looking for me?"

(*Continued on page 50*)

Scoop!—Here's firsthand news of what's new, from Liberty's loveliest reporter

Girl meets Girl

The author. She is one of New York's more eminent glamour girls and one of its best-dressed women—so she knows whereof she speaks. Her past includes an exciting girlhood as daughter of a famous cigarette fortune and a short-lived marriage to Wayne Morris of the movies.

BY BUBBLES SCHINASI

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

☆ JUST because it is the Fourth of July, there is no need to assert your independence—and look like a firecracker. You will go over with a bang—I promise—if you eschew the dramatic and surprise instead by simplicity.

I'll tell you a tearful tale:

At the responsible age of fourteen I made a spectacle of myself and brought shame upon my family by arriving at a Fourth-of-July gathering dressed as the American flag. Striped, I was, red and white and blue, and I had pasted stars all over myself.

I had wished to cause a sensation—and I undeniably did—but not of the proper kind. No one danced with me at all. I was a huge and ludicrous failure.

Thereafter, somewhat daunted, I would always preview my "sensation" on a hand-picked group of severest critics. They were free and frank with criticism and constructive suggestions. I would allow time for alteration and thus, when the Big Night arrived, I would be cool and well rehearsed. And never sit out a dance.

This is your week-end of personal glory. This, the first important week-end of the summer. Three days to look your loveliest, to beguile the boys; to shine beneath the bright sun and match your pallor with the moon. . . .

Having Wonderful Dime! Don't take everything you own away with you. Your hostess will feel that you have descended for a decade. Buy small sizes of things at Woolworth's, the shoppers' Eden.

There is nothing in this world that will cheer you, or your clothes, like a new lipstick. Pond's offers one known as Lips, which comes in an assortment of engaging colors. I prefer a cool vivid red, called Rascal Red, which is equally good with sun brown or pallor. Why not buy several of these ten-cent sizes and put one in each purse? So you will never find yourself in that nightmare situation of needing lipstick and realizing you left it on the dressing table or in your blue bag.

One dime buys a bottle of Cutex nail polish. Rumpus Red is just the red of Rascal Red Lips so you can achieve that co-ordinated look. The joy of having the little bottle with you is, if you chip a nail, you don't have to patch it with some one else's polish. Another nightmare!

If ever you put on lipstick with a brush, you'll never do it any other way. A fine brush is called Movie-lips and costs ten cents, with its own little top to keep it tidy.

The shell jewelry at Woolworth's is so beautiful it's not believable. The serenest shades of pink and blue and green and, most fetching of all, foamy white. I bought three bracelets. One for one wrist, two for the other, and a necklace of white sea shells. They effectively chill a dark dress. And are completely charming with beach costumes. (One quarter apiece.)

Bargain scarcely seems the word to associate with Yardley's, who have been making ladylike luxuries for years and years and years. Still, for one dollar they give you a lovely ivory pot filled with their English Complexion Cream. This magical stuff

(*Continued on page 40*)

Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone with gagmen Eddie Beloin (left) and Bill Morrow (right.

Always leave them

A lively look at the ways and work of a species unheralded and unknown: radio's gagmen

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

☆ THERE exist today in Hollywood members of a curious species of the human animal whose names are unknown, whose methods remain hidden, and whose deeds go unheralded. Creatures of this species thrive on new joke books, old College Humors, and plenty of corn. They may be identified by one common deformity—overdeveloped funny bones. But should the species, by some horrible quirk of fate, become extinct—America would stop laughing.

We are referring to those mysterious mammals known as gagmen. And if all the gagmen in Hollywood were to knock themselves out tomorrow—perhaps die laughing—it would be very unfunny. And Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Gracie Allen, Charlie McCarthy, Fred Allen, Bing Crosby, Bob Burns, Abbott and Costello, Eddie Cantor, and all the rest of the renowned humorists would also suddenly be very unfunny.

"Leave 'em laughing!" That is the motto that Hollywood's gagmen live by. Nothing else is important. A gag writer's duty is not to produce wit or literature or poetry, but to arrange words that will help his boss start people laughing, keep them laughing, and leave them laughing.

Most expensive gag-writing team in Hollywood at present is that of Bill Morrow and Eddie Beloin, who are paid $2,500 a week to create humor for radio's leading comic—Jack Benny.

Since the Jack Benny show is aired on Sunday evenings, Morrow and Beloin meet Benny on each Monday to talk over ideas for the next show.

In these meetings thirty-four-year-old Bill Morrow and twenty-eight-year-old Eddie Beloin have invented some of the most screamingly funny Benny gags and characters. In 1937 they converted their easygoing boss into Sheriff Buck Benny of Rump Steak, Texas. A year later they had Benny purchasing a secondhand touring car at an auto show, and that was the beginning of the legendary Maxwell. Once they suggested that Benny play The Bee on his fiddle, and Fred Allen made a crack about it which started the lucrative Benny-Allen mock feud. Another time they wrote in a part for an insolent colored valet named Rochester which pyramided obscure Eddie Anderson into fame.

Morrow explained that the whole secret of the gags he wrote with Beloin was treating the members of the program as human beings. Jack Benny is always made a boastful but timid person, Phil Harris a wow with the women and a wise guy. Mary Livingstone, Don Wilson, Rochester, and Dennis Day all rib and upset Benny.

"The whole idea is to make the script and the gags and the show human," said Morrow. "Listeners then begin to believe in the characters. Once Benny spoke about seventy-six pounds of tin foil he'd saved. It was only a gag, yet hundreds of people wrote in telling him to send the tin foil to them; that they could get money for it and that he had enough money anyway. And that Maxwell gag! Why, one man even shipped in the rear end of a Maxwell, C. O. D., in case Benny needed it! In fact, even Benny has begun to take our gags seriously. On the program we make him stingy. He's so afraid people will believe this in real life that I've seen him tip waiters double just so they wouldn't think him a tightwad!"

The actual writing of the Benny show, dictated by Morrow and Beloin to a giggling secretary, is done two days before the program goes on the air. A typical script runs in this vein:

BENNY: That Fred Allen thinks he's so sophisticated because he comes from Old Orchard, Maine. What a hick burg! Why, in Old Orchard you can buy a plug of tobacco, a brassière, a buggy whip, and a dish of chow mein in the post office!

MARY: It's not such a small town.

BENNY: It is too! Why, I played there in vaudeville once, and there were only eight people in the theater.

MARY: But, Jack, that happened to you in Pittsburgh too!

BENNY: H'mm. No cracks, please.

The preceding dialogue may seem easy. It isn't. The authors insist it's skull-cracking. And the authors, while young in years, are veteran gagsters.

Laughing

BY IRVING WALLACE

Bill Morrow began writing gags in 1930. He has done scripts for Eddie Dowling and Phil Baker, and finally ran into Jack Benny in Detroit when the comic was on a personal-appearance tour.

The junior member of the team, blond, bespectacled Eddie Beloin, started out to be a doctor, studied medicine three years at Columbia, penned an O'Brien Best Short Story in 1933, whipped out book reviews for New Republic—and at last turned to free-lance humor. He sold to all the humor books. Tried to get a job with Fred Allen. Failed. Was hired by Benny, and now, poetically, helps feud against "a certain person whose initials are F. A. and I don't mean Fred Astaire!"

Emphasizing the headaches gagmen encounter, Morrow gave the following illustration: "Benny came to me the other day with a really good gag," Morrow revealed. "It was about a lunatic who had been in an asylum for twenty years. He was to be released. His brother was waiting for him outside. He wanted to look good for his brother, so he started shaving before the small mirror on the wall. He was told to hurry, so he shaved faster. He was told his brother was becoming impatient. He turned to the guard and said, 'I'm finishing. I'll be right out.' As he spoke, the mirror fell off the wall. When he turned back to it, he found only the blank wall. He gave a big groan and exclaimed, 'God! I've been here for twenty years, and now, on the last day, I have to cut my head off!' . . . A swell gag, until we found out Fred Allen had used it years before! So out of the script it went."

To learn further ghost magic, especially that behind the success of the Charlie McCarthy-Edgar Bergen show, we went up to J. Walter Thompson, the advertising agency handling the show, and talked with stocky, swarthy literate Joe Bigelow.

"The main gag writer for Charlie is Edgar Bergen, and that's no hooey," Bigelow stated. "The way we usually work is this. I sit down with Edgar and we discuss timely topics until we hit an idea. We give the idea to the three expert gag writers who have been collaborating with Edgar Bergen for four years—Royal Foster, Zeno Klinker, and the only female gagster in the game, Dorothy Kingsley. And maybe we hand the idea to one or two other writers. They all submit jokes concerning the idea. Edgar and I do the same. Then we edit the material, cut it, revise it—and, presto, a Charlie McCarthy show is prepared. We follow three basic rules. First, the humor must be clean. Second, nothing must be intolerant. Third, everything must be funny but absolutely in character."

A good example of keeping Charlie McCarthy in his usual insulting character occurred recently at March Field, California. Bergen and his forty-pound wooden stooge were the army's guests of honor. Charlie McCarthy had been made honorary master sergeant, and now 5,000 soldiers paraded before him. It was all very solemn and impressive. Finally it was time for Charlie to speak. Did he say something solemn? No. He kept to character, beginning this way:

"Gentlemen, now that I am one of you, I'd like to make a few suggestions for improving this man's army! Wouldn't it be a good idea to put hostesses in the army bombers?"

Bigelow was willing to agree that the greatest gag ever written for the Bergen-McCarthy show and pulled on it was during the W. C. Fields and McCarthy feud. It went like this:

W. C. Fields: I'll cut you up into a Venetian blind!

Charlie: Oh, Mr. Fields, you make me shudder!

A good feud makes a gag writer's job easier. Bergen and Joe Bigelow and the five other gagsters are no doubt trying to figure out a fresh feud for the invincible Charlie.

When it comes to out-and-out free-style spoofing, the Bob Hope show demands the limit. Since Bob Hope uses an average of 125 gags during his twenty-two minutes on the air, he must edit about 400 gags submitted him weekly by his eleven gagmen.

No comedian in the business uses more one-line punch wisecracks than Bob Hope. He uses them on the air, on the screen, and on the stage. This tremendous demand on his time forces him to hire a great number of professional humor scribes.

Bob Hope has six brothers. We talked to one of them, Jack, who helps manage Bob's affairs. Jack X-rayed the set-up for us.

"Of course Bob can outgag his writers ten to one. But he hasn't time to do his own script. That's why he hires the gagmen.

"After his Tuesday show Bob takes his gagmen into a private room, discusses ideas for his next week's broadcast.

"If an election is coming up, the gagmen go home and write election gags. If a holiday is on the fire, holiday gags are whipped out. Then Bob himself sorts the material, rewrites it, and delivers it.

"Bob prefers his men to turn out timely humor. Like his recent crack about Mussolini putting on a diving suit to review his fleet."

Best example of Hope and his gagmen in action would be this concrete instance: Hope decided to open a program with a reference to Dorothy Lamour, his leading lady in a forthcoming movie. He told his gagmen to whip out Lamour jokes. They did. He blue-penciled, revised. The result?

Bob Hope: Hello, folks! Dottie Lamour visited me opening day in Chicago and guested a couple of performances. That night Dottie and I got into a little argument, so I said to her, "Go! I never want to see your face again—but the rest of you can stay!" A lot of her Chicago fans voted that they would rather not see her in tropical pictures—but outside of her sarong they thought she would be swell!

After that session we chatted with one more representative gagman. He was thirty-nine-year-old Carroll Carroll, who writes the Bing Crosby radio carnival. Before that, Carroll ghosted for two years with Burns and Allen, and put gags to paper for Eddie Cantor, Lou Holtz, and Bert Lahr.

He revealed that writing gags for Bing Crosby required a different approach. "Ours is a radio program of studied carelessness," he said. "We try to make it casual and, above everything, spontaneous. Before I do a script I talk to next week's guests. I usually get an angle from one of the guests when he begins speaking about himself.

"Believe me, gag writing is a hard life," said Carroll, "especially when you're blue, or have indigestion or worries. But when you hear people guffawing and rolling in the aisles—that peels the years off and makes you feel young and fine again!"

Thus the giggle-producing ghosts, the quipsters, the Plutarchs of the pun, the sultans of the smile, the hidden voices of the high-ups. Without their all-out aid, laughter might dwindle and comedians might die.

They all work differently, those unknown gagmen, and they work for different types of laughs—but all of them have one big thing in common:

In real life they are very solemn and quiet. They can't afford to be funny for free. Because they know, and by now you know, that every laugh must spell for them a livelihood!

THE END

Grade yourself as follows:
35 correct .....Excellent
30 correct .....Good
25 correct .....Fair
20 correct .....Passing
Under 20 .....Failing

1—Where did the piano get its name?

2—In what opera is there a ballet of fish?

3—What are the highest and lowest instruments in the orchestra?

4—In jitterbug terminology, what is "barrelhouse," "jam," "juke-box," "Push-box"?

5—Who was the first great conductor?

6—How old is the saxophone?

7—Which great composer wrote the largest number of songs? About how many?

8—In what language are directions as to tempo, expression, etc., usually written? Why?

Music Quiz

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

BY DEEMS TAYLOR

Famous composer, critic, and radio commentator

9—Rearrange, in their proper association, the following names of musicians and instruments: Paganini—cello; Liszt—guitar; Casals—organ; Segovia—piano; Bach—violin.

10—Name the three operas in which the following play important parts: a rose, a nose, a clock.

11—In chamber music, what instruments usually make up a quintet?

12—What was Wagner's first name? Mozart's middle name? Mendelssohn's last name?

13—What world-famous sentimental waltz song was written originally as a burlesque?

14—How many keyboards has the average large pipe organ, and how are they named?

15—What great composer wrote the largest number of symphonies? About how many?

16—Two of the world's most popular grand operas were flat failures at their premières. What are they?

17—What brass wind instrument has been in use, practically unchanged, for six centuries?

18—Who composed the music of (*a*) Onward, Christian Soldiers; (*b*) Carry Me Back to Old Virginny; (*c*) Home, Sweet Home; and (*d*) The Star-Spangled Banner?

19—Correct these three common misspellings: violincello, bass violin, timpany.

20—What famous tenor lived to be over a hundred years old?

21—Name four operas in which poison figures prominently.

22—To what instrument do all the other players in an orchestra tune their instruments?

23—What other composer wrote part of Gounod's Ave Maria?

24—Distinguish between (*a*) French horn and English horn; (*b*) organ and organum; (*c*) tom-tom and tam-tam.

25—What composer wrote a violin sonata which, he claimed, had been played to him by the devil in a dream?

26—The word "Ela," which appears frequently in crossword puzzles, is defined as "a note in Guido's scale." Who was Guido, and what did he do?

27—Distinguish between opéra comique and comic opera.

28—What composer married the daughter of one of his best friends and the wife of another?

29—The shawm, the chalumeau, and the pommer are the ancestors of what modern orchestral instruments?

30—What famous violinist refused the dedication of a now famous violin concerto, on the ground that it was unviolinistic, and spent his later years teaching it to his pupils?

31—Where was opera invented? What did its inventors conceive it to be?

32—What is the oldest musical instrument?

33—What is the oldest symphony orchestra in the United States?

34—Where is Mozart buried?

35—Most violin strings are made of catgut. What is catgut made of?

36—What famous international marriage introduced a new epoch in musical history?

37—What famous symphony is the only one its composer wrote?

38—What opera has been more successful in concert form than on the stage?

39—Name three modern orchestral works dealing with transportation.

40—A dying man said of his eight-year-old stepson, "Is it possible that he has musical talent?" What was the stepson's name?

(*Answers will be found on page 48*)

Actual color photograph—Andrew Wright shows a fine, light tobacco leaf, before aging.

"I keep track of who pays what—

"—and I know Luckies pay higher prices to get the lighter, milder tobaccos!" says Andrew Wright, independent leaf buyer of Kernersville, N. C.

"I'm right in the front row at the tobacco auctions—and I can tell you it's Luckies that go after the lighter, milder leaf and pay the price to get it. That's why I smoke Luckies myself, like most other buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen!"

Everybody knows you get what you pay for... and Luckies consistently pay higher prices to get the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder tobaccos. So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke. Ask for Lucky Strike!

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WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

"Let the Other Fellow Pay"

A revealing look at 1941's great tax revolt and the real facts behind it

BY WALTER KARIG

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

☆ TO most of us, who have seen a $49,000,000,000 national debt pile up without getting us into recognizable trouble, the sudden prospect of having to pay more taxes to offset spiraling expenses doesn't seem necessary.

At any rate, when the Treasury suggested a few weeks ago that Congress levy $3,600,000,000 in new revenue upon the American people to help meet next year's $20,000,000,000 expenses, the doggonedest tax revolt flared up in all quarters of the United States. Letters poured in on Congress, and men jumped on trains for Washington. And the fight goes on, with those who can afford it hiring lawyers, lobbyists, and figure jugglers.

None of the protesters denies that the government must raise a great deal more money, but each one is dead certain *he* is paying too much in taxes as it is. And not a few make out a good case for themselves.

As proposed by the Treasury, the bulk of the new taxes would be levied on incomes—individual and corporate. About $2,800,000,000 would be taken out of the nation's earnings, leaving some $1,233,000,000 to be collected from commodity excises; that is, special taxes on things you buy. To provide a net revenue increase of $3,600,000,000 the government has to levy more than $4,000,000,000 gross.

No small proportion of the revolt flared in Congress itself. The greatest number of individuals to be affected by the rise in all taxes is the group whose incomes range from $2,500 a year to four times that amount, and that takes in most of the members of Congress. Whereas corporations have wealth and organization to use in seeking amelioration of taxes, the wage earners and salaried classes are unorganized and have to take it and like it; but on Election Day these latter register their discontent on their ballots, and this can be bad news indeed for those congressmen who voted heavier taxes on middle-class incomes.

Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau suggested Congress might "find" a billion dollars or two by shaving down appropriations for farm subsidies, various relief expenditures, and other forms of federal financial aid no longer as necessary as during the depths of depression. National income, factory payrolls, total gainful employment will reach all-time records by the end of this year. But it seems that Congress sees a chance to take out re-election insurance, and there is no disposition to lop many millions from the handouts to customary federal beneficiaries. On top of that, some federal departments with the spending habit are asking for more money to distribute in 1942.

Rural Electrification Administration is a lovely example. It seeks some millions to buy electric refrigerators for farmers. They will cost about $100 each and the buyers will have five years in which to pay REA back. There is nothing to prevent a farmer from buying a refrigerator locally, of course, but REA's only reason for existence is to electrify farms, and it wants to go on existing. Similarly, large chunks of the money obtained by the Treasury in the name of national defense, through taxes and bonds, will go into the pork barrels and on the political pie counters.

Let there be no doubt that the government needs even more money than it can raise from taxes and defense savings bonds to pay for the national defense. Here is the pattern of defense-emergency taxation as set forth by Colin F. Stam, chief of the staff of the joint Congressional committee on internal revenue taxation:

"In the first stages of a defense program it is proper to finance a large proportion through borrowing from banks so long as unemployment exists and plants remain idle. In this period the greater part of the tax receipts should come from taxes based upon ability to pay—income, excess profits, estate and gift taxes.

"It appears we are now reaching another stage. The period of full employment and the absorption of idle facilities is approaching. During this period the tax base should be broadened to curtail private consumption by either general or specific consumption taxes and thus bring production from a peacetime basis to defense basis. During this period borrowing should be made through individuals . . . United States savings bonds and certificates."

Mr. Stam works for Congress, not for the Treasury, but in the main all concepts of spreading tax increases follow the same line. The greater dependency is on income taxes, the balance to be derived from what amounts in actuality to sales taxes.

Tax experts compute that one dollar out of every four in the national income from July, 1941, to the end of June, 1942, will go to the tax collectors—federal, state, and local. It is estimated the national income will be

Three simple tricks of magic

1. Thwart the sun

Bounce the sun's heat off your chest! The trick: *white* shirts—white reflects light, color absorbs it. Best all-round whites — *Arrow!* Above: Gordon (oxford cloth), Trump (soft-collared broadcloth), Hitt (non-wilt-collared broadcloth), $2 each.

2. Create optical illusions

If your neck is chubby, make it look longer, slimmer by wearing the Arrow Hull Shirt (left, with new, slope low neck-band collar, $2). If your neck is longish, short collar points de-emphasize it (Arrow Arden, center, $2). If you like collars that look starched, but aren't—Arrow Dale (right, $2.50).

3. Be a quick-change artist

(a) Appear before friends thus. They'll say, "Mm, mighty fine shirt!" (b) Whip off the tie, open the top button. They'll open their eyes! For now—(c) you have on a different shirt—a *sports* shirt with style, comfort, with Arrow's trim "Mitoga" figure fit. It's the new *Arrow Doubler!* At your Arrow dealer's. $2, up.

ARROW SHIRTS

Sanforized-Shrunk, fabric shrinkage less than 1%—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

$90,000,000,000 for the twelvemonth, and the nation's tax bill will be $22,000,000,000. The taxes are inescapable. Who's to pay? In the final analysis, everybody.

It is proposed to put a tax of 1½ cents on each pack of cigarettes, and to double the existing 18-cents-a-pound tax on tobacco. Up swarm the tobacco growers, processors, and manufacturers to combat the levy, estimated to produce $200,000,000. Transportation companies object to a 5-per-cent tax on passenger tickets which is expected to yield $37,500,000. The moving-picture interests, fighting the proposal to extend the amusement tax to tickets of admission costing a dime, grow tearful over the threatened hardship to children.

The tax on million-dollar incomes is proposed to be raised from $717,000 to the neighborhood of $740,000.

M. L. Seidman, chairman of the New York Board of Trade's taxation committee, testifies that not enough persons of low income pay taxes on their earnings; that 95 per cent of the population pay no income tax, although the tax begins to apply on earnings of $800 a year for unmarried persons without dependents.

W. J. Schieffelin, Jr., of the New York State Chamber of Commerce, also wants the exemptions lowered, the tax base broadened, and the rate increased, plus a general sales tax, plus a payroll tax to be deducted from the earner's wage by his employer. "Hundreds of thousands of our fellow citizens are beginning to wonder if the America they see our country becoming is worth fighting and dying for," Mr. Schieffelin declared heatedly. This expression of opinion was received with raised eyebrows by his Congressional listeners.

☆ THE sales tax and the pay-envelope tax are popular with the Chamber of Commerce philosophy. Ellsworth C. Alvord, finance committee chairman of the United States Chamber, recommended a flat 10-per-cent supertax—if your income tax is $10 you would pay $11—and a sales tax or a tax on pay collected for the government by the employer.

Of course the taxes on tobacco, gasoline, amusements, travel, and the like are sales taxes, but both the Treasury and Congress want to keep such taxes on specific items which are more or less in the luxury class. The schedules call for levies on chewing gum, soft drinks, phonograph records, toilet preparations, playing cards, cabaret checks, furs and jewelry. Consideration was offered of taxes on clothing of higher than average price. The Congressional impulse is to turn from obvious taxes to concealed ones, anyhow.

Labor and agriculture are both opposed to sales taxes. Edward A. O'Neal, president of the American Farm Bureau Federation, and C. I. O. President Phil Murray both testified at length against excise taxes before the Ways and Means Committee, using almost identical language to the effect that "nothing could so seriously weaken our morale than to place heavier burdens on the common people and the working people." Where the farmers and the labor group differed was on income taxes. O'Neal wanted exemptions lowered by half, making incomes of $400 for unmarried persons and $1,000 for the married the starting point. Of course that is because the average farmer doesn't handle $1,000 in cash over a year's time, although his standard of living is two or three times the equivalent of a $1,000 wage scale.

Murray, the labor leader, wanted the exemptions raised to the pre-emergency levels of $1,000 for the unmarried, $2,500 for the married. Naturally, because he was spokesman for a numerous group whose average annual income per family is somewhat under those figures. Both Murray and O'Neal want to soak the rich.

Senator Prentiss M. Brown of Michigan steps up with another untapped source of wealth he suggests be taxed —the tax-exempt bonds in which the wealthy have hundreds of millions of dollars invested. Only the well-to-do can afford them because they pay such a low rate of interest, but Brown computes that "a man with an income of $100,000 a year gets the same net yield from a 3-per-cent municipal bond (tax-exempt) as he could obtain from an industrial bond yielding 7.32 per cent."

☆ FOR the time being, Congress contemplates a program more devoted to raising the rates on goods, services, and earnings now taxed than to adding more items to the taxable list. Wherefore the revolt! "Tax somebody else for a change," is the cry. The increase of a cent a gallon tax on gasoline brings energetic kicks from, for example, the American Trucking Association, whose representative told the Ways and Means Committee that the extra penny will cost truckmen $24,000,000 a year and jack the cost of operating one truck as much as $271.

"The added gasoline tax is expected to provide $25,000,000 additional revenue," a member of the committee declared. "Where else do you suggest we get that money from?"

Of course there was no answer.

And so it goes.

In making this survey I was struck by one thing—the chap who is going to have to bear the brunt of taxation, come what may, is making the least holler. He is the family man earning from forty-five to seventy-five dollars a week. He has a fixed income and fixed commitments—so much for insurance, which is all the estate he will leave; so much for rent or amortization of the mortgage on his little house; so much budgeted for heat, light, food; and nothing much left over for the doctor, the dentist, the clothier.

I have searched the Congressional mail for signs of rebellion on the part of this group, and I'm blessed if there aren't more letters expressing happiness to pull in the belt and pay taxes than objecting to it! One Virginian wrote his congressman that it is going to be hard to save up to pay taxes, because on top of everything else the Commonwealth taxes bank deposits and cash in hand, so the more one saves the bigger the tax.

"But I'll be happier to pay more taxes and I think Congress should have increased them before this, because the way I figure it, the boys who are being drafted into the army are giving up good incomes for $360 a year and the possibility of getting shot. The difference between the salary on a good job and army pay is the same as an income tax, to my mind, so the fellows getting the worst end of the income-tax deal are the draftees, and anybody who isn't happy to pay taxes for the national defense ought to lose his citizenship. According to the papers, I will have to pay $152 income tax next year instead of the $31 I am paying this year, which still leaves me plenty. But I would be happier if I knew what my $152 will buy. It will pay a soldier's salary for five months, I reckon."

So runs the better part of the comment from the plain people of America. "I am willing to pay heavier taxes to keep Hitler away from the United States, because I know if we don't I will have nothing at all." And another: "I see by the papers that the English have to pay 50 per cent income taxes besides being bombed. If they can take it, why can't we?" What complaint there is from the middle-class group arises from a fear that the money thus raised will not be economically spent.

If it were not that most congressmen belong to this income group themselves, the families of middling income would probably get shorter shrift, because the election-conscious politician is far more afraid of irritating the politically powerful, numerous below-average group and the influential rich, who are organized.

☆ BUT a wholly equitable, perfectly apportioned tax system is beyond the ability of mortal man to devise. And come what may, whatever your economic status, you will pay more taxes in 1942 than you ever did in your life, and you might as well adjust yourself to the necessity of paying them for a long time to come. It is your country, and despite the "hundreds of thousands" whom Mr. Schieffelin describes as doubting if America is worth fighting for, there are 132,000,000 Americans who believe it is.

You see, I think from my Washington observation post that most of the squawking and buck-passing is a pretty lively manifestation of democracy itself. Some of it is unadulterated greed and meanness, to be sure. But I'm willing to bet that, after all the arguing is done and the taxes are applied, the majority of protesters will grin and take it. And if I'm wrong, the Lord help us all!

THE END

Thrills! A tense tale of love and danger reaches a smashing, surprising climax

The House on Harmony Street

He moved forward suddenly. Fräulein Doktor reached for her gun.

BY KATHARINE ROBERTS

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

PART EIGHT—CONCLUSION

☆ IN the House on Harmony Street, Dietrich, who had the smaller radio tuned in at twenty meters, jumped to the alert when he heard the first sounds from the wireless in Zurenborg. He knew nothing of the question concerning Paul Sturm. All he knew was that Fräulein Doktor had sent up word to notify her the minute the Zurenborg station came on the air. Now he did that. And to his memo he added, "Before, it has been a woman. Tonight, it is a man." Others were working out in Zurenborg now with the direction finder. His job was to write down every word of the strange code that was broadcast from that forbidden private station. He kept thinking that the speaker sounded familiar.

He was surprised when Fräulein Doktor arrived by the elevator from her apartment. This was her dinner hour. She usually came up later.

She listened only a moment. "Do you recognize the voice?" she asked.

"I am not sure—I seem to, but—" The thought that had gone through his mind was absurd. "No, it is impossible," he said.

"I *am* sure," said Fräulein and, without another word, went to the elevator and down again.

Schmidt came at her call.

"It is G27 broadcasting from Zurenborg," she said.

"Maria Luys is in Zurenborg also," he answered. "I've just had a phone call from the men I sent to follow her when she left here. They are waiting now for orders. She is at the hairdresser's. Also, they have narrowed down the location of the wireless to the few blocks of the Place de l'Aurore. It seems it, too, may be at the hairdresser's. *Nicht wahr*, Frieda?"

"Perhaps," she said, and her voice was hard. "Tell your men to enter the place. If G27 is there, tell them to take him without shooting. They must bring him here unharmed."

"Surely," he said, "you do not wish—"

She let him get no further. "I will deal with him myself."

Schmidt had never seen her more grim. "That's the old Frieda," he said happily. "Now once more you are you."

"When he arrives, bring him to me." She turned to her desk and did not watch Schmidt leave the room.

His message sent the men of the secret police to break down the door of Pierre Dupon's shop.

☆ WHEN Stanleigh had shut off the wireless, he knew there was only one thing he could do. The Dupons must have time to get Melanie far enough away before any one thought of her. He must keep those fellows who were battering at the door too busy to think of the cellar. There might be traces down there of the departure. Unless they knew the place better than he supposed they did, they would think of it only as Dupon's shop. The door to the house was behind the extension of a booth and not immediately visible. He went to it, turned the key in the lock, and then tossed the key down a chute for used towels. It would take them a while to get to the door and longer to break it down. These old Flemish houses were solidly built. Melanie and the Dupons might be safely away in the maze of other cellars by then.

He had given in his report. Now he had only himself to lose. He felt strangely free. If he had a gun, all would have seemed well. An operative upon leaving the House on a trip was given whatever arms he needed; but while staying there, he had hesitated to ask for any such things—especially when he realized that his room was searched from time to time by Schmidt.

He switched off the lights in the shop and, shading his torch, moved to a booth as far from the house door as possible. The street door was crashing in. He looked at his watch. Eight thirty. Too early for the promised bombardment to help him unless he could stall somehow. And then he flashed his light on the wall behind him. There was a window in this booth. Probably it led to the side street. He opened it just as the voices of the men sounded in the dark shop. At least, it meant a fight in the open street, not in a small booth. He let himself out carefully. As he hit

the sidewalk, arms closed about him. Two stalwart members of the guard held him firmly.

They shouted to the police in the shop.

"Do not harm him," called back the leader. "He is not to be harmed."

"Such consideration!" said Stanleigh, and struck out with his fists. They grappled with him. He might have managed them if the others had not come running. They pulled his arms behind him and clicked handcuffs about his wrists. Then they took him into the shop.

"Where is Dupon?" they asked.

"He and his family left this morning," said Peter.

"Where is the girl—Maria Luys?"

"She left earlier this evening."

"No, we saw her come in. We followed her here. She did not go out. We were watching."

"Then you did not watch well," said Peter calmly.

One of the men slapped him hard.

"Look out," said another. "Fräulein Doktor's orders. We must get straight back with him."

The two guards who had caught him were left to search the premises. The others took him back to the House on Harmony Street. It was not a place to enter gladly with your hands manacled behind you.

☆ ONCE more the doors to Fräulein Doktor's apartment slid back and once more he confronted her as she stood behind her desk, and her eyes were as puzzling as the first time he saw them. But now there was no blue in them. They were slate-gray. And her hands were different. They gripped the edge of the desk before her until their knuckles were white.

Outside in the town the air-raid sirens began to shriek.

"You said at nine tonight," said Peter. "You see I kept the appointment."

The raid warning shrieked more loudly.

Fräulein spoke to Schmidt and the others. "Leave him here with me. Go —all of you!"

The police turned to leave.

"Wait," she said. "Take off the handcuffs." There was scorn in her voice. "I do not put my opponents at such a disadvantage." The small gun lay on her desk.

The handcuffs were unlocked. The police went out.

Schmidt stayed. From the direction of Berchem, not far to the east, came a loud explosion, then another nearer at hand.

Peter chafed his wrists and straightened his coat. What was her plan? To shoot—yes. But what else? Was her pride afraid of what he'd say before them, or had she more than mere shooting in mind? Odd how tame and unimaginative the use of a gun seemed these days!

"Go down to the shelter, Schmidt. See that the others are there safely. I'll come soon."

Schmidt paused. "It is a real raid," he said. "*He* has brought it on." He motioned to Stanleigh. "Let's be done with him. Then come, Frieda!"

She did not take her eyes off Peter, but her answer to Schmidt was no less definite: "I said, go down to the shelter. I shall come. *Go down!*" she barked at him.

Schmidt shrugged. "*Ach!*" he murmured in disappointment as he backed out.

The doors slid together. Peter could hear their final click. He stood at least ten feet from her. She could reach the gun in a flash.

"Now put on the steel-rimmed spectacles," he said.

"Are you mad?"

"No. Old Helly-John said that Fräulein Doktor sounded like the kind of woman who barked and wore steel-rimmed spectacles. I have heard you bark. Now I wait for the specs. Too bad you are going to shoot me and he'll never know you are really an attractive woman."

"Be quiet."

The noise of the raid had increased. Antiaircraft responded to the sound of the crashing bombs. One of them hit near enough to rock the house. When the vibration died down, she was still standing there unmoved, staring at him in her peculiar way—only something was rising in her, seeming to make her taller and to expand her. The elation he had seen in her twice before was nothing to this. Her eyes were taking him in. They showed the kind of zest that comes from appetite about to be satisfied. But it was still controlled. She spoke in a low tone.

"You fool." She said it in contempt. "You *complete* fool!" Her voice rose a little.

"I know now why you didn't want me handcuffed," he said. "Your thrill is in destroying a man who is free. Men and nations," he said bitterly. "France was free—Belgium, Holland, all of them, back to Austria—all were free—and when you'd searched out their danger spots, as Schmidt searched me before he brought me here, you left their hands free—apparently free, but not their minds—those you undermined—"

☆ SHE looked at him and a low laugh interrupted the thoughts that were pleasing her. "You *are* free, are you?" she taunted him.

"Yes," said Stanleigh, "because I am England and England's mind is free."

He moved a step nearer, and she looked down at his moving foot and back at his eyes again. "When you come nearer than I want, I'll let you know," she said.

"When free countries come a step too near," he answered, "you—"

"We bring them even nearer," she said. "We take them to our bosom."

"And you would do that with *me* now," he said, and he was sure of it.

"I would do that with you," she answered, "and you would never leave me."

His smile was grim. He looked at the gun on the desk. "The others have not left," he said.

"I wanted you here with me in a different way," said Fräulein Doktor. "You have made your own choice."

"Because I am a free man," said Stanleigh.

"Because you *think* you are free. We might have done much together. We could have had the world."

He considered her. "That is why Vronky died," he said. "Power is so much to you. You killed not only what you loved but what meant more to such a woman. You killed what loved *you*—because he would not go along."

"Yes," she said. "I killed him—and I loved him."

☆ THE accompaniment of exploding shells in the street outside was like a symphony to her, filling her with the music of her own composition. He had brought those few planes but she had brought the war. She seemed to swell with the vibration of the crashing bombs.

"And yet," he said to her, "you are lonely, as all things are that kill love for domination. You are perishing. You have shut off life itself. You will not live."

Her face took on a sardonic humor. "And do you think that you will live?"

He said nothing to that. He only watched her. Soon a bomb would hit this house and smash them both.

"Do you believe," she asked with scorn, "that because you have stopped us this time, we *shall* be stopped?"

"You'll try again," he said, "and you'll be stopped again."

"And still we'll come again"—her voice was deadly—"as long as we have planes to fly and guns to shoot—"

"And women and children to starve," he snapped.

"To starve that we may win!"

"You found your man!" he cried in understanding. "Eight years ago, when Vronky died, you found him—a fanatic—and now you know he will be done for. Now you know, whatever happens to the battle, he must be removed! For now he believes it is he, not you, who orders. You look for a fresh new brain to take his place—"

A look of secret pleasure lit her eyes. She fed on what he was saying.

"You can see *him* standing before you, a vain man with a small mustache, a man you have built into fanatic exaltation—and the gun is in *your* hand!"

She glowed as he painted the picture. "No man can control the world," she cried, "because the world is woman and man—there must be both! But if two who can meet as woman and man, two whose minds can meet also as the supreme mind of woman and the supreme mind of man—joined together, working together, as you and I have worked in these nights—"

Her thought carried her out of the moment. Stanleigh saw her as one not human. He saw her as the age-old alter ego of man lusting for power, the alter ego that led him on and defeated him because she had forgotten life and the love that makes life live. He saw her now not as she saw herself but as the inhuman part of that man with the small mustache—not fearing, implaca-

ble, without love—as Bauer had said one must be to stay with her—the secret spirit of Nazidom—Fräulein Doktor, thinking that to shoot men was to conquer the spirit of Man.

D'Hasque's voice came back as it had been in this room. "I am many," he had said; "you cannot kill me."

Melanie's voice came too: "I have to make it safe for the children—and the children of these children who sing in the Place of the Dawn!"

The clatter outside was growing worse. Somewhere on the Tête de Flandre, Jock MacTigue was waiting for him with a plane—to take him away perhaps—and Melanie would be going toward England—and Fräulein Doktor stood here with a gun at hand—to use when she was ready. Her inflated spirit had come back to earth. She was enjoying this moment—enjoying it hugely.

"The spring will come," she said. "Our fury will be such as you have never seen—and *I* shall be in England." Her voice said "*I*, not *you*."

A British bomb hit a house wall.

He met her eyes even while the floor shook. "As long as there is one Englishman alive on earth," he said, "you will not conquer England."

Her anger flamed. She was like a torch consuming herself in her own blaze. "Be damned! All of you!" The power of her voice shattered the noise of the attack.

He moved forward suddenly. Fräulein Doktor reached for her gun.

The bombs he had called blasted through. The House on Harmony Street rocked to their rhythm.

☆ ON the Tête de Flandre, Jock MacTigue was disturbed. He could land for a short time only while the bombardment across the river kept them busy over there. A part of the town stayed comparatively dark, but the flash of the attack seemed like a steady light in two places—to the east and in another place down by the river. It looked like an old castle lit up. He'd have to take off again—couldn't wait. They were not to destroy Antwerp—just those two places—anyhow, that was all tonight.

Where was Stanleigh? Why didn't he come?

MacTigue looked around in the darkness near him. It was blacker because of the light across the river. A fine place to send a man! Not to fight—but to bounce down like a rubber ball and up again with orders against firing a shot! He thought he saw a shadow in the shadows. Going off his head maybe with sheer inactivity.

"Ho!" he said.

It seemed to be a girl-thing that moved up to him. "Peter!" she said.

He grabbed her wrist. One of those female spies he'd heard about, maybe. Terrors they were. Dangerous.

"Oh—you—you are not—"

"Nah," said MacTigue, "I'm not."

Her voice sounded relieved at the language. "The friend of Peter," she said; and then, "He comes?" Her English was funny—the way she pronounced it.

"No," said MacTigue. "I wish t'hell he comes!"

"He comes." She said it assuringly. "I—I"—she seemed to be hunting the English words—"*I* leave—*les* Dupons. *Je reste*—I rest here. He comes." And she began mumbling under her breath. It sounded like praying.

"I—go," said MacTigue, not willing to enter the maze of speech necessary to find out what she knew about Stanleigh. Spy—female spy—not a doubt of it.

"*Non*—no—no—no! We do *not* go!" she said.

"Not *we*—*I* go. Orders," he answered, making it brief.

"No!" She clung to him. "Capitaine

"Put plenty of nuts on, Mr. Paxton—I haven't had my roughage yet today."

Stanleigh—Peter—gives or*dairs*. He comes—*vite!*"

"That means *quick*," said MacTigue, proud of his understanding.

Melanie wondered if all Britons except Peter were so stupid. But this one was big. He would fight well. He had evidently come for Peter, if what the Dupons had said was true. And surely Peter *would* come. She heard again the breaking of the door in the shop on the Place de l'Aurore as they had left, but she could not think of Peter stopped by anything. He might be. But she could not—would not—think of it. She could believe only that he would come. She must have faith—she *must* believe. She started that murmuring noise again, scarcely aware that MacTigue was holding on to her tightly and at the same time apprehensively, as though she might be a small feminine bit of dynamite.

"Ho," grunted MacTigue suddenly, still clutching her wrist.

"Hey! Jock MacTigue!" Stanleigh's voice sounded from a black blot that seemed to move toward them.

"Peter!" Melanie's cry told MacTigue all that he wanted to know. She was safe all right. She loved the bloke.

It was a surprise to Stanleigh. He came up to them. There was something bulky over his shoulder. In the dark it was hard to see what it was.

"Here," he said to MacTigue, "take the blasted woman." He sounded weary, like a man who has come a long way.

"Gawd!" gasped MacTigue, taking the bundle. "Who is she?"

"Peter," said Melanie, lapsing into swift French, "Elise said you would fly from here. I slipped away from them and came to make sure. If you hadn't come, I'd have had to go back for you."

"Sweet!" said Stanleigh in a tired voice but with enthusiasm. "You shouldn't have done this—you should have gone safely with Elise and Pierre."

"I know, darling," she answered, "but I couldn't."

"I'm glad you couldn't." (MacTigue thought he really *was* glad—poor man.) "Get in."

MacTigue stood by with the bundle of a body draped over his shoulder. "What'll I do with this?" he asked.

☆ "IT'S Fräulein," said Peter to Melanie. "Don't worry. I tied her hands with my necktie and she's rolled tight in that long cape of hers. Anyhow, she's blotto."

"There's room only for two," said Jock MacTigue, "and we'd better be movin' or we'll not move at all."

"We take her?" asked Melanie.

"We take her," said Peter; and to MacTigue, "We take all of us—whether there's room or not. Put her in the bomb rack, if you must. It's where she belongs anyhow."

"Is she dead?" asked Melanie, a note of surprise in her voice. Somehow it seemed strange if Fräulein were actually finished.

"I doubt it," said Peter. "No—she'll come to. A chunk of plaster hit her on the head just as she reached for—" It all seemed so far away now, his feeling that Fräulein Doktor was the spirit behind Nazidom—but maybe she was—certainly she was part of it. He took a deep breath as he heard Jock MacTigue tune up the plane to take off. "It's time she came to and found out how wrong she's been," he told Melanie. "I'm taking her where people can tell her better than I can." He grinned in the dark. "I'm taking her as a souvenir for Helly-John."

"You're daft," said MacTigue.

"I'm sure of it," said Stanleigh. "Every one's told me so."

Somehow Fräulein Doktor was not put in the bomb rack. She was crowded, unaware of the indignity, into a corner; and Melanie was crowded very close to Peter Stanleigh.

"Come on, you," he yelled at MacTigue above the whir of the engines, "let's go!"

"Suppose Fräulein revives?" murmured Melanie.

"We'll bop her again," answered Peter, too tired now for gallantry. He slid down and his head was against Melanie's shoulder. "Y'know, dear"—he seemed about to go to sleep as they started through the night—"Y'know—I believe it's the first time I ever said I love you."

THE END

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BY JERRY BARISON

READING TIME • 1 MINUTE 10 SECONDS

☆ HE was a small, baldish, meek-looking man in his late fifties. He sat at a small table eating. He ate slowly, savoring each mouthful. On his face was a look of happiness and contentment. For a few moments he was lost in the past.

Suddenly the noises around him startled him out of his reverie and made him look up, and he remembered where he was and why, and he gave a little sigh, a contented sigh. He looked at the two men across from him who had come in while he was dreaming of the past, and smiled at them. The looks of pity he surprised on their faces turned to wonder. For they knew, or at least they thought they knew.

The small man, reading their minds, chuckled to himself, for he was the only one that really knew.

After twenty-five years of working and slaving, after twenty-five years of being dominated and intimidated by her, the woman who had tricked him into marriage, who wanted this and that and was never satisfied, who made life miserable for him, was gone! After twenty-five years he was free. Free! It seemed like a dream—and yet here he was without her. He sighed again, a deep contented sigh.

Two men came and a priest. He smiled at them and stood up. He walked with a firm steady stride. The warden pulled the switch—and he was free.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

The smarter they are the harder they fall

BY HARRY GRAY

John Mulholland.

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

A master magician reveals some tricks of his trade . . He aims at your brain!

☆ A MAGICIAN depends solely on you for the success of his trickery! The more logical and well trained your mind is, the better he likes you—because you, the smart one, are all the easier to fool. Your bright mind supplies details of a trick which the magician only hints at.

Watching a rabbit being pulled out of a hat where less than a second before there was nothing, "you believe what you think you see," says John Mulholland, outstanding streamliner of modern magic, who appeared at New York's Radio City's Music Hall recently.

Mulholland gave up teaching at Horace Mann School to study magic and magic fans. He visited forty-two countries and matched skills with their magic men. By now, after twenty-eight years spent in performing, he has the reasons why people are entertained and mystified by magic all figured down as fine as his rabbit's whiskers.

As a boy he met the great Harry Kellar, then the idol of magic fans. John had gone to a magic store to buy a trick. Kellar, who loved children, chanced to be there. He said, "Let's go into the back room and talk about magic, John." John went. And during the following hour he gave his heart to magic.

In high school, his instructor in English was interested in magic. When John found this out, he wrote all his themes as patter for magic tricks. "This long-suffering teacher, now Dr. Milton Smith, a professor at Columbia University, not only corrected my patter," admits John, "but advised me on ways to improve it."

Once a month, while John himself taught school, he gave a magic performance before his class, but only on condition that there had been no violation of class rules. The performance was called off one month and the result was almost tragic. The students waited after school for the one who had slipped—and teacher's magic performances were given regularly thereafter! Such success drove John to drop the birch rod and pick up the magic wand.

"A magician's art depends eighty per cent on psychology," he says, "ten per cent on sleight of hand, and ten per cent on apparatus." He doesn't think you who sit out there in the audience, wide-eyed with wonder, are dull. But he proceeds on the theory that many of us have lived our lives on a steady diet of mental clichés. That is, we believe what we *think* we see. People have so often believed they saw John pull a rabbit out of his hat that now he uses a rabbit being pulled from a hat for his trademark. Incidentally, he has made silver half dollars appear in crêpes Suzette right under the nose of Oscar of the Waldorf!

Have you ever seen him make a bird in its cage disappear? There it is before you on its perch, and then—there it isn't. Cage gone too. He is most famous for this trick, which he bought from the famous Carl Hertz. It becomes incredible in his fantastically powerful hands.

Above all, John wants his audiences to know he is just human, not omniscient or in league with a spirit world. He is often called, as other magicians have been, "the man who does things no one else can do"—meaning that he apparently accomplishes the impossible. "Any one can accomplish the impossible if he will practice long enough," he says. "It just takes a little longer." He practices five years, for instance, on one trick.

"Magic," he says, "is perhaps the most ethical business of all. Seldom does a magician lift a trick from another magician. The craft protects its ethics because magicians have none of the usual legal protection. However, some tricks are very old and are now considered common property."

A magician worth his salt will have several tricks of his own devising, and Mulholland has devised many. Moreover, he is the foremost authority on magic, owning perhaps the most complete library on the art in the world. His unique collection of magic paraphernalia brought thousands to the Museum of the City of New York, where nearly an entire floor was given to it.

He specializes with the Chinese rings trick. At a home for women ex-convicts, the warden, having heard about this trick with *rings*, came up to John and advised, "Be sure to use nothing of value in your performance. Do no tricks with jewelry or money. These women are all adepts at that work themselves and it would be old stuff to them." John showed him the rings, steel hoops large enough to pass over a person's head, and went along with his act.

Magicians do not relish the idea that the public knows much about magic. "It's more fun to be fooled," John says. The Sphinx, a magazine which he edits, cannot be bought.

(*Continued on page 48*)

GIRL MEETS GIRL—Continued from Page 27

takes that wind-bitten feeling from your face and leaves a cool clear surface for your powder.

Just before you dress and just after your bath lie down with a thick coat of this cream on your face and two pads of cotton saturated in cool water over your eyes. Think of something cool and pale green for fifteen minutes. It is a minor miracle, and you will arise feeling cool and fresh, which is no simple feat in sultry weather.

A personal plus patriotic way to tell time is to wear a gold clip watch with name or initials cut out across the top and on the watch's face letters which spell AMERICA FIRST in place of numerals. Fun for five dollars at Saks Fifth Avenue.

If, like me, you have never been seen without earrings, nothing is more distressing than to discover you forgot to pack your pet pair. Gimbels has solved our problem in brilliant fashion. You ask for the Seven-in-One Earring Box. And this is what you get, all for a dollar: A pair of ear clips and interchangeable buttons. Red, Kelly green, pink, pale blue, pearl, royal blue, and chalk-white pairs. What a heavenly idea! (Gimbels, Thirty-third Street.)

You are all packed, aren't you? All set to go. Replete with a new dress and an expectant expression!

But have you forgotten anything?

"No," you say.

Oh, yes, you have. A gift for your hostess.

You look stricken. It is a besetting problem just what to take her. She obviously has everything, including a worthy husband. Do bring him a present, the poor dear man; he probably consoles himself with "It's not the gift, it's the thought," while his wife opens package after pretty package.

Gift Department: If they are addicted to gin rummy—and who isn't?—take them the smart little walnut case holding two packs of playing cards, a score pad, plus directions. The twin bottles on either side turn out to be pencils! ($3.50 at the Bar Mart, 56 West Forty-fifth Street.)

Is your host a pipe-smoking man? Perhaps he'd like to try Dunhill's blend called, provocatively, Full of Surprises. Three dollars for a plump jar with little red devils hopping all over it. (Dunhill, Fifth Avenue at Fiftieth Street.)

Every one has a summer romance, and I've fallen for a lighter. It is a small square of shell and, despite its beauty, it's practical. Needs refilling merely once in two months. It is the flameless type and thus perfection for country use. It is simple enough to give even the most masculine man, if you could bear to part with it, and Dunhill includes a trio of initials for five dollars.

Bonwit Teller has had a brainstorm. They take your doorkey, return it with its top removed and a sterling-silver three-letter cut-out monogram substituted. This is a rarity, the gift, personal or impersonal, as you choose. To give to every one from your best beau to Aunt Martha or to your weekend hostess, for whom it seems peculiarly apt. ($5, Bonwit Teller, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street.)

As that tiny added gesture, to make a gift memorable, why not attach the key to a key chain which has a true four-leaf clover pressed in a little silver frame? (A quarter at Trepel's, the florist.)

Memos on my mirror: Buy armloads of palest blue hyacinth from the carts on the street and fill your own room with them. And buy a nightgown just that color in chiffon and you will feel cool and country-after-rain even on the hottest nights. . . .

Frost your black dresses with shiny silver jewelry—and use the very polish you use on table silver. And wear the sheerest of black stockings.

Write lots of letters on big sheets of thin stationery the color and crispness of a lettuce leaf.

Buy some one you love a present for no reason save that you love them.

So much for now. Next we'll take up the business of keeping cool.

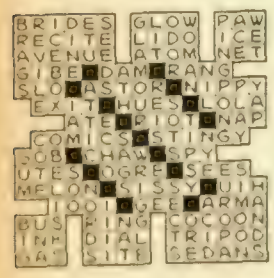
In the meanwhile I hope your Fourth will be Glorious.

THE END

Girl Meets Girl will appear again in forthcoming issues of Liberty.

CROSSWORDS

by Lee Pasquin



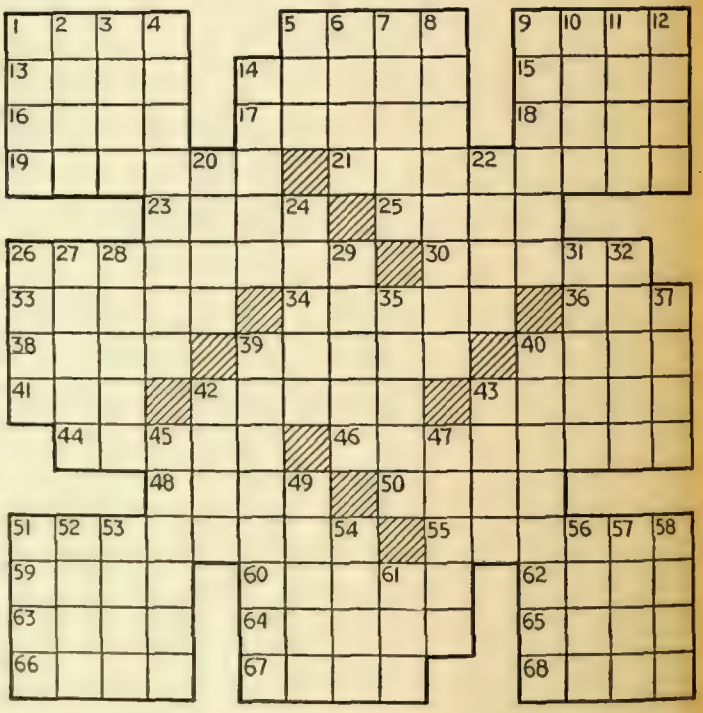
Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

1 Boast
5 Dry
9 Drive down with gentle strokes
13 Tree of the myrtle family
14 Took an oath
15 Mental image
16 God of love
17 Nautical flag
18 Title of respect (pl.)
19 Remove from office
21 Enlivens
23 File
25 Paradise
26 Put in mind
30 Large water jug (pl.)
33 Silly
34 Bellows
36 Secreted
38 Entrance to a garden
39 An end
40 Passport endorsement
41 Playing card
42 Mountain nymph
43 Last
44 Clan
46 Indian tribe
48 Performs
50 To have courage
51 Sowed again
55 Papal representative
59 Melody
60 A city in Florida
62 Crazy
63 Factory
64 Mountain range
65 Ratio; proportion
66 Insect (pl.)
67 Gas
68 Rude shelter

VERTICAL

1 Born and raised
2 Unusual
3 At the pinnacle
4 Petroleum product
5 Reverential fear
6 Roster
7 Goddess of peace
8 Scoffers
9 Medicated decoction
10 Mine entrance
11 Only
12 Go by
14 Incur expense
20 Trigonometrical term
22 Cries, as a cat or sea gull
24 Weird
26 Latvian seaport
27 Decree
28 Mother
29 Spanish title of respect (pl.)
31 Combining form: the nose
32 Strong white fiber
35 Helped
37 Proofreader's term
39 Slave legally emancipated
40 Condiment (pl.)
42 Musical instrument
43 Discharge a gun
45 Standard of perfection (pl.)
47 Disease of horses
49 A river in France
51 Reincarnation of Vishnu
52 Island near England
53 Sand or mud deposited by running water
54 Part of the base of a pedestal
56 East Indian nurse
57 Carry or transport
58 Pieced out
61 Males



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

ED LIKES TO BE BESIDE THE SEASIDE

Continued from Page 21

didn't say anything more and the next thing Mr. Pope knew he was waking up. He blinked at the sea and saw the bathers far out and he blinked at Mrs. Laidlaw who was apparently not enough aware of him to know that he'd been asleep. And then he got up and went into the little pavilion and had a giant drink of Bourbon and felt better.

But he still didn't feel enough better to tackle Mrs. Laidlaw again and so he thought he'd go get dressed and then call on Ed in his new quarters. Ed would appreciate a slug of that Bourbon he thought. So he slid the bottle under his robe and started out and tripped over a rug and the bottle fell into the sand and when he went to pick it up there was Mrs. Laidlaw looking at him. You don't need to take that whisky with you Mr. Pope she said. Just ring for anything you want when you get to the house. Mr. Pope felt his ears getting hot and he said O I was just—I mean the brottle didn't bake—I mean— I quite understand said Mrs. Laidlaw and she gave him the doubtful oyster look again only this time there wasn't any doubt. And Mr. Pope put the bottle back and went.

☆ WELL gosh it didn't look as if Mr. Pope was going to have much fun. He dressed and waited around in his room until Mrs. Pope came back from the beach and then he said Look Carlotta do we really have to stay here ten days? These people get me down. They make me feel as if I were in trade or something. Mrs. Pope said he was too sensitive. Sure I am said Mr. Pope. That's part of my charm. Look Carlotta he said if you're so hipped on sea bathing— Hipped! exclaimed Mrs. Pope I do wish you wouldn't use such obsolete terms. O K said Mr. Pope if we can't talk about it we can't talk about it. Guess I'll take Ed for a stroll before dinner.

Well the days went by like a dream —one of those dreams you have after a heavy late supper. They were spent mostly on the beach and in the tepid water for it was very hot and in the evenings Mr. Pope had to admit that it was pleasant to splash about and cool off. His first unfortunate entrance on Ed had evidently decided the other guests that he was negligible so they didn't bother him much. Mr. Pope didn't mind. It left him free to take long rides on Ed.

There was a cove full of fishing boats a mile or so from the house and sometimes he would ride down there and talk with the fishermen. The fishermen didn't seem to think there was anything funny about Ed and they were delighted with the way he could take a bottle of beer in his teeth and tip up his head and let it gurgle down his throat. They had a theory about the sea serpent too. One of them showed Mr. Pope a clipping from a two-year-old paper about a sea serpent scare on the Breton coast. We sort of figure he said that it's the same critter. Probably all the shooting over there got on his nerves and he's come here for a spell of quiet.

On the fourth day Ed and Mr. Pope had come back from the cove along the beach and were about to go up to the stables by a sandy roadway that turned in a hundred yards east of the pavilion. Nobody was on the beach. Wait a minute said Mr. Pope and he dismounted and walked over to the pavilion and got the Bourbon. Then he and Ed sat down behind a dune and Mr. Pope pulled the cork. This is the life! said Ed. You know Wilb if we could contact that sea serpent and get him to patrol this beach we'd have the whole place to ourselves every day. I wonder if we could coax him up here. What do you suppose he likes to eat? Probably horse said Mr. Pope. Pooh said Ed I don't go in for self-depreciation as you know but nobody eats horse if he can get anything else. O-o he said peering out from behind the dune. Look who's here.

Mrs. Pope and Mr. Laidlaw had come down the path in their bathing suits and were splashing into the water. After a minute Ed said Hey for cat's sake Wilb what's going on out there? Mr. Pope looked. O nothing he said. Laddie's teaching her to float I guess. Ed gave a grunt. Looks more like he was teaching her to wrassle he said. He turned and looked at Mr. Pope. You sure Wilb she ain't kind of drifting away from you? he said. O quit worrying about Carlotta Ed said Mr. Pope. Carlotta knows what she's about. That's what I mean mumbled Ed and Mr. Pope said sharply What's that? I said A beautiful scene said Ed hastily. Referring to the blue empyrean and the bounding billows and what not. Let's go back Wilb I'm sleepy.

☆ SO when Ed had been stabled and unsaddled Mr. Pope went around to the terrace and sat and watched the fog blur the garden shrubbery. Everybody else was indoors. And he'd been there about fifteen minutes when a shout came from the beach and then Mrs. Pope's voice screaming Help! Wilbur!

Mr. Pope did the commuter's sprint down the path. He couldn't see anything when he got to the beach but there was a lot of splashing out in the fog and in a minute Mrs. Pope and Mr. Laidlaw came prancing through the shallows. Mrs. Pope flung herself into his arms. O Wilbur! she gasped. the sea—the serpent! It's out there! Nonsense! said Mr. Pope trying to hold her off. Quit it Carlotta—you're ruining my clothes. What's all this Laddie? he asked looking at Mr. Laidlaw over her shoulder.

My heaven it's true said Mr. Laidlaw speaking directly to Mr. Pope for the first time. He seemed even more scared than Mrs. Pope and his teeth were chattering. It's just as they described it—the dragon head and long neck and so on. And those terrible eyes! He shuddered. Nonsense! said Mr. Pope again because he couldn't think of anything else. It isn't nonsense said Mrs. Pope. I guess if you'd seen it— O listen she said it's making that noise again. Through the fog came a queer low whimpering giggle and then a splash. H'm said Mr. Pope. Something out there all right. But I don't know what we can do about it. Get in the house Carlotta. And you too Laddie—you look all in. Mr. Laidlaw tried to pull himself together. I suppose you think I'm a frightful coward Pope he said challengingly. Since I don't know what you saw how can I say? said Mr. Pope. Come on. Inside.

☆ THERE was a lot of talk and kidding but they stuck to their story. Next day Ed said So the old serpent came in and hissed at our two pretties yesterday eh? How'd you hear about it? Mr. Pope asked and Ed said O backstairs talk. You know Wilb the keyhole to listen at if you go in for such things is the kitchen one—not the parlor one. Boy do the servants collect the dirt! I don't care to hear it said Mr. Pope firmly. I know darn well you wouldn't said Ed so I'm not going to tell you. He snickered. D'you know Mrs. Laidlaw wears balbriggan union suits? Mr. Pope grinned slightly but he said Not interested. Who would be? said Ed.

Well that afternoon was the hottest yet and Lily and the Camerons and Mr. Pope said they were going to swim anyway serpent or no serpent. So they did. Mrs. Pope and Mr. Laidlaw were finally shamed into going in and they romped around in the ripples for a while under the cold eye of Mrs. Laidlaw but gradually ventured farther out. The sea serpent didn't show up.

So that evening was too hot to do anything but just loll around so they all did except of course Mrs. Laidlaw who belonged to the earlier generation which does not loll. Mr. Pope wondered if long underwear was the reason why the earlier generation disliked lolling. It was probably too stiff. Maybe it itched. Thinking about it made him still hotter and at last he said My it's hot.

Well I suppose you think this wasn't much of a remark but it was the first unsolicited one he had made since he had been in the house. It was like baby's first sentence. They all stared at him. And after a minute Mr. Cameron said Why don't we go for a swim? Mrs. Pope said O! and looked at Mr. Laidlaw who said a little stiffly I suppose you all think we have been kidding you about the serpent I assure you there's something—*something* out there and I'd rather be a lot more hot and uncomfortable than I am than to see it again. Hallucination said Mr. Cameron. It was *not!* said Mrs. Pope. I saw it too. Collective hallucination said Mr. Cameron. When people are *en rapport* you

know they see the same things. Goodness said Lily you must have been *en grand rapport* to have a sea serpent appear to you. But of course you two are! she said and her eyes flickered towards Mr. Pope.

Mr. Pope didn't like the undercurrent in this talk and he said shortly Well I'm going in anyway. Mrs. Pope started to protest but Lily and the Camerons got up and said they'd get ready and Mrs. Laidlaw said she'd join them on the beach. And you will go to look after me Laddie she said. Mr. Laidlaw shrugged and said Yes mother and Mrs. Pope said Well I'll get into my bathing suit anyway.

☆ IT was one of those hot dark blue nights and the water was still and tepid and Lily and the Camerons and Mr. Pope waded right out into water deep enough to swim in which in those regions is quite a wade. Lily insisted on Mr. Pope keeping his arm around her because she said otherwise she couldn't keep her feet and Mr. Pope said that was all right but how was he to keep his head then? and this bit of persiflage so encouraged Lily that she kissed him. Mr. Pope liked this all right and he looked back to see if Mrs. Pope was safe but even though the night was clear the starshine on the water was deceptive and he couldn't see her. He couldn't even see the Camerons who were only a little way ahead of him.

Hey Laddie you and Carlotta come out here called Mr. Cameron. O come on! added Mrs. Cameron. There isn't any serpent around—I guess it isn't his night to hiss. I have to stay with mother shouted Mr. Laidlaw.

Mrs. Laidlaw's voice came clearly over the water. You have to do nothing of the kind she said. Dear me Laddie are you really afraid of this mythical creature of yours? Well—said Mr. Laidlaw doubtfully. 'Fraidy cat! said Lily. Really Laddie! said Mrs. Laidlaw. Well—come on Carlotta said Mr. Laidlaw and Mr. Pope heard them splashing towards him. Then he heard Mr. Cameron say to his wife in a low voice He really is scared of the damned thing! and Mrs. Cameron murmured Nonsense it's just an excuse to stay away from us with the girl friend.

Well they all swam around for a while and played various games—most of which seemed to involve ducking Mr. Pope so that he got water in his ears again. Mr. Laidlaw seemed rather on edge and he kept peering into the surrounding darkness and once when there was a loud splash not far from them he said nervously Listen! what's that? But Lily said Look Laddie this is an ocean we're in. What would be queer would be if you *didn't* hear splashes. And Mrs. Pope said You know Laddie maybe that thing really was some kind of a hoax. I think you— And then she stopped. For from very close by came some even louder splashes and a kind of tremulous giggling. And as they turned to that direction something came towards them out of the night.

Lily's scream was the loudest but Mr. Laidlaw's was the most despairing. As Mr. Pope joined the frantic rush for shore he had a glimpse of a dragonlike head on a neck perhaps two feet of which rose above the water. There was also a mane of what looked like seaweed and a very nasty expression. But halfway to the beach Mr. Pope heard a cry behind him. Wilbur! Wilbur! Wait for me!

He stopped swimming. Hey Laddie—Cameron! he called. Wait for Carlotta. She can't keep up. For Mrs. Pope wasn't much of a swimmer. But neither of the men paid any attention. You darned rats! he said and then turned back. All right old girl he called. Take it easy. And he caught the sobbing Mrs. Pope by the arm and pulled her to her feet. You'll make better time walking he said. Put your hand on my shoulder. He glanced once behind him. The monster was following but slowly. Behind the head he caught the steady star reflection on a sleek body. Take it easy he said He's not coming.

On the beach Lily and the Camerons were standing looking out into the darkness and ready at a moment's notice to dive into the path to the house. Mrs. Laidlaw had got to her feet and was shaking her son. I don't care if it was a battleship she said sternly. This is the Laidlaw beach. You shouldn't desert a guest.

Mr. Pope wrapped a robe around his trembling wife. Go up to the house he said. I'll be up presently. I've got an idea. And he turned and walked back into the sea. Pope! For heaven's sake! said Mr. Cameron and Lily said We're all safe Wilbur. Don't be a fool. But Mr. Pope waded steadily out towards the uncanny giggling sound.

☆ PRESENTLY the head loomed up. It turned as he came closer and the big teeth smiled. Hi Wilb said Ed cautiously. Meet the Terror of the Deep. How'm I doing? You've scared us all half to death you fool said Mr. Pope. For heaven's sake go on back to the stable. If they find out they'll think I arranged this and that would be just dandy. And I wish you'd stop that giggling. Can't help it said Ed. There's some little fishes that keep pecking at me and they tickle. But lookit Wilbur. You don't realize what I've done for you. You been kind of a dope all the time you've been here and I've made you a hero. Like the Bible says thou hast bound Leviathan with a hook. And you didn't even have a hook—you did it with your bare hands. Look. I'll thrash around and scream and then you go back and tell 'em you strangled me. You can take some of this seaweed back to prove it. Looks real pretty in my mane don't it? though I had a hell of a time winding it in.

Mr. Pope thought a minute. I can't tell 'em of course he said. But I guess we'll do without the strangling act. Go on back. I'll think of something. O. K. said Ed. Maybe you'd better not say anything at that. Just be kind of modest and pull a blush on 'em. Strong silent man. Let Laddie boy do the explaining. Boy did he pull the plug on himself when he won that race to the beach! O go on back to the stable said Mr. Pope. Sure boss said Ed I hear and I obey. But let me give 'em a little scream first. And before Mr. Pope could stop him he screamed.

Mr. Pope had never heard a horse scream before. He knew it was supposed to be a pretty terrible sound but it was a lot more so than he had imagined. He looked at Ed and although the horse grinned at him Mr. Pope felt suddenly scared of him. He wanted to get back on dry land. He turned quickly and started wading inshore.

Only Mrs. Pope and Mrs. Laidlaw were on the beach. O Wilbur! said Mrs. Pope and clung to him. Take it easy said Mr. Pope. Everything is under control. Mr. Pope said Mrs. Laidlaw I have to apologize for my son. He has been guilty of a serious breach of hospitality for the first duty of a host is to protect his guests. O please said Mr. Pope. It wasn't—well anybody'd have been scared. I want to go home Wilbur said Mrs. Pope. I thought you— She shuddered. And Laddie wouldn't go to help you she said. He told me it was useless—you were foolhardy and there wasn't anything he could do. O I hate him!

Mrs. Laidlaw looked at Mr. Pope for a moment. I think perhaps it would be better if you did go she said. You'll have to drive most of the night. But I will have a responsible man bring your horse on. And speaking of horses Mr. Pope have you ever heard a horse scream? Mr. Pope frowned. Yes he said. Once. I have several times said Mrs. Laidlaw and it is horrible—and unmistakable. So aside from the apology I offer for my son I offer you one for myself. When you rode up that first day I misjudged you completely. You are a very clever man. Under happier circumstances I should have enjoyed talking with you.

☆ WELL said Mr. Pope I think I owe you an apology too though just how to frame it— Mrs. Laidlaw shook her head. People of wealth are not necessarily fools Mr. Pope she said. And I think you've done a good enough job of framing. Good night and good-by she said and turned and went up the path.

What's she talking about? said Mrs. Pope as they followed slowly. You were so brave Wilbur—but why does she think you're clever? Just a minority opinion said Mr. Pope. Forget it and let's go pack. That is if you really want to go? You bet I want to go said Mrs. Pope and I never want to see that Laddie again.

They were close to the house now and through the open window Mr. Pope could see the bathing party standing in the hall. What's that? he said. This water in my ears—I can't hear you. I say repeated Mrs. Pope in a loud voice that I never want to see that coward Laddie again. Mr. Pope said O.

THE END

WHY BREEN RESIGNED FROM THE HAYS OFFICE

—Continued from Page 15

to the side of crime, wrongdoing, evil or sin."

Mr. Breen's interpretation on Primrose Path was that it would certainly lead no human woman to desire to be a prostitute. Therefore the story came within the Code—as it should.

The Hughes picture didn't, although the script passed without question. It was, as a story, perfectly O. K.

Which brings us briefly to the so-called "sweater controversy."

I have seen the original recommendation sent out by Mr. Breen on that little difficulty. On a letterhead of the Production Code Administration, which went to all studios, it says: "In recent months we have noted a marked tendency to inject into motion pictures shots of low-cut dresses and costumes, which expose women's breasts, as well as 'sweater shots'—shots in which the breasts of women are clearly outlined and emphasized. All such shots are in direct violation of the provision of the Production Code, which states clearly that 'the more intimate parts of the human body . . . must be *fully covered at all times;* that these should not be covered with transparent or translucent material, and they should not be clearly and unmistakably outlined by the garment."

Simple enough. Doesn't say you can't wear a sweater. Every girl and every woman knows about sweaters. They can be worn with good taste and be charming sports apparel—or they can be the height of vulgarity.

Mr. Howard Hughes' story was O. K.—but he dressed it outside the bounds of the Code. The wise and experienced director takes what are known as "protection shots." Where there might be a question, he shoots it both ways and leaves it up to the Code Director to decide.

☆ ANOTHER thing that mustn't be made attractive and should be used only when necessary plot material is adultery. Just when and where this rule applies is another headache. In a picture called I Love You Again, with Bill Powell and Myrna Loy, produced by Larry Weingarten for M-G-M, Myrna and Bill were actually married, but he had lost his memory. The scenes had all the flavor of adultery—but weren't. Yet Larry told me that Breen gave him more pointers on good taste, on the way it should be done, keeping all the delightful nuances of the plot without giving offense, than he would have believed possible.

I know that it is the purpose of the motion-picture people to make pictures under the spirit and the principles of the Code. This isn't always easy, because great dramatic subjects sometimes are difficult to treat for an audience of 200,000,000 people all over

COOL SHAVES
give the old one-two to the Champ's Shaving Terrors

"Benny," weeps the champ, "in the ring I'm a ghost. They can't muss my hair. But after two minutes with my razor, no second can patch me up. Shaving burn gives me the K.O. kiss every time. And. me with a heavy date!"

"Champ," I says, "you're terrific. You got speed, stamina, and savvy. But you don't shave modern. You lead with the wrong cream. Quit mixin' with shaving burns and terrors! Lather up with Ingram's cool, cool, quick-action cream!"

"Ingram's is different, champ, made different—cool—to condition your skin for shaving while it wilts your beard. It foams up as fast as a lightweight—gives your whiskers such a lathering that they fade and wilt like a sparring partner!"

"Benny," says the champ, "you got something here! I'm shaving through that discouraged stubble as if it were whipped cream! I'll take minutes off my shaving time—finish cool and refreshed! And will I look good to my public!"

"Did I send the champ out ready for the belle? I'll say so! Ingram's is a real help to your skin—no lotions or tonics needed. Your skin is cool, refreshed, and more attractive-looking—and stays that way for hours. Every man taking it on the chin from shaving burns and stings should get cool Ingram's into his corner—today!"

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USE BETTER LIGHT

Westinghouse
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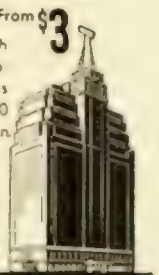


MARIA KRAMER
PRESIDENT
John L. Horgan
Gen. Mgr.
HOTEL EDISON

IN THE CENTER OF MID-TOWN NEW YORK

the world, of all ages, races, creeds, and colors.

And right there I think Mr. Will Hays and his office have a right to ask for that "sympathetic understanding of their purposes and problems and a spirit of co-operation which will allow them freedom and opportunity" always within the provisions of the Code itself.

For instance, the Code says: "III. Vulgarity. The treatment of low, disgusting, unpleasant though not necessarily evil subjects should be subject always to the dictates of good taste and a regard for the sensibilities of the audience."

There you have something. For it is under the indictment of vulgarity that pictures too often have to plead guilty.

But, what one person thinks is vulgar a couple of million people maybe don't. The public has some responsibility in this matter.

Now, with Joe Breen going and a new man coming in under Hays, it looks like a great time for the public to repay a little of its debt to the motion-picture industry, which has done so very, very much for the public. What would these last terrible years have been like to millions of us all over the world if the escape and entertainment of pictures at reasonable prices hadn't been there?

Sometimes it seems to me that mothers, instead of writing letters to the Hays Office about pictures, should realize the problem before Hollywood and give a hand. I'm not bragging, but it seems ordinary good sense to me for *me* to supervise my children's motion-picture attendance. I don't want to rob grown-up people of fine honest dramatic treatment of subjects that are not for youth. Therefore, if I go to see Adam Had Four Sons, which is a fine picture but not for the children, I leave my twelve-year-old son around the corner to see Little Nellie Kelly, with Judy Garland. If I'm going to see that charming but sophisticated comedy Philadelphia Story, done in the best possible taste and one of the most delightful evenings a grown-up could have, the kids can wait and see Hopalong Cassidy with Bill Boyd on Friday night or something.

☆ JOE BREEN could offer plenty of proof of the good will and honest intentions of Hollywood.

Of course you have the producer who is always trying to slip something over. The audiences never know about those, because it was pretty difficult to slip anything over on big, jovial, twinkling Joe Breen. *But* he wasn't a censor who sat miles away and told you what was wrong. He was part of the industry, and he tried to tell you what was right.

One of his principles and one of the principles of the Hays Office was to put the right label on the can. Breen insists that if you obey the basic rules of right and wrong and put the labels on them, and use good taste, you will make motion pictures reasonably acceptable to reasonable people, and that if the public will co-operate in reading the labels and keeping their children—or themselves—away from subjects that are outside their own code, we can surmount the enormous problem of making pictures for adults and children, savants and ignoramuses, all at one and the same time.

The "unofficial censorship" of people who have axes to grind is one of the great burdens—people with pet prejudices, who write reams to the Hays Office. I don't suppose, for example, any other art had to worry about the way a doughnut was dunked, for fear of a boycott!

The Legion of Decency and many other organizations have shown a great deal of wisdom in their helpful advice and their rules about pictures. That is conceded by the whole industry.

☆ THE public, too, uses a good deal of discretion at times. Mr. Breen has discovered many things they just "don't like." Funerals, for instance. Women do not like pictures about prostitution, even when done with as fine a moral balance and as much art as Vivien Leigh and Robert Taylor displayed in Waterloo Bridge. Strikes and labor disputes are unpopular unless you find a humorous way to treat them, as in Jean Arthur's The Devil and Miss Jones.

But look back over eight years and you will see, I believe, a great forward progress in films. In spite of an occasional lapse, there is a great increase in good taste. There is a dignity in handling stories on vital subjects which might offend if handled carelessly, and therefore more important films can be made.

We're all pretty upset, however, about Joe Breen, who worked fourteen to sixteen hours a day for eight years to bring this to pass. It is—it always will be—an enormous problem of adjustment, since art is art, and since you can never tell who is going to see any given movie.

For Breen's successor we're going to do our bit to lighten the burdens, and we think the public should have some understanding of the magnitude of this never before attempted co-operation and do their part.

Once in a while it's a great thing for the public to step in and protest vulgarity or any indecency that might have a serious moral effect. But since all our Breen trouble is for them, pet peeves, small episodes, an occasional mistake shouldn't be held against the industry that has given you as many great and entertaining films, as large a percentage of wonderful pictures as you've seen in the last few years.

It's been about a 90-per-cent job, and you can't ask more than that.

So Hollywood as a whole expresses through me their appreciation of Joe Breen's work, and we hope he has great success in his new job as a producer with one of the big concerns. Wonder if he'll ever have any trouble with the Hays Office!

THE END

WHY MATSUOKA HATES THE UNITED STATES

Continued from Page 11

known, during the war or right upon its conclusion, the existence of this secret alliance treaty: what do you think the result would have been? Knowing as we do the world atmosphere in those days, I am afraid Japan would have taken the whole of South Manchuria and no nation would have said a word about it."

His attitude toward Soviet Russia was expressed thus:

"It is wrong to think of the contact or relations between nations or races only and always in terms of crash and war. The fighting psychology of opposition is not the only way to meet the eastward movement of the Slav race; better by far if we could face and handle it in the spirit of conciliation and mutual helpfulness. . . ."

After he had withdrawn his country from the League of Nations, Matsuoka found himself extraordinarily popular with the masses in Japan.

☆ BEFORE he became Minister of Foreign Affairs in the present Cabinet, he was appointed president of the South Manchuria Railway, during organization of the new state of Manchukuo. He had to work closely with the Japanese militarists; but he had to deal day by day with the border problem, arising in Manchuria and Mongolia, with Soviet Russia. I have often wondered whether the Soviet-Japanese Alliance was not born in his mind in those days.

It was during this period that Matsuoka, offended by the attitude of the League of Nations toward Japan, by American and British support of China, by the so-called Stimson Doctrine of nonrecognition of Japan's position in Manchuria, turned on America and aroused his people to friendship for Hitler and the Axis.

Matsuoka, more than any one else in Japan, is responsible for Japan's alliance with Hitler and now with Stalin. He has completely reversed Japan's attitude of friendship for Great Britain and the United States, and fear of and even hatred for Soviet Russia. He once said of this policy:

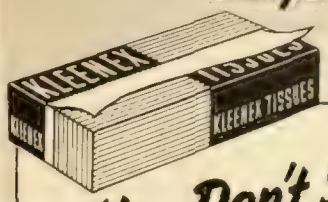
"Japan joined hands with Germany and Italy because she felt they shared a common mission, and not because of present necessity. I do not believe the power of the Anglo-Saxon race will easily disappear in five or six years. If ever in the future the war by Germany and Italy against England becomes unfavorable, Japan will not refuse to aid Germany and Italy in the best possible way."

What that change will mean in the future only history can tell—but at the moment, in the Far East, the principal role in the making of new history is being played by this Japanese whose youth was spent among the turbulent lumberjacks of our own State of Oregon.

THE END

"TELL ME ANOTHER" AND WIN $5.00 says KLEENEX*

We will pay $5.00 for every "Kleenex True Confession" published. Mail to KLEENEX, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois



If You Don't Succeed... CRY, CRY AGAIN!

IS MY MOTTO WHEN WHEEDLING SOME NEW CLOTHES FROM HUBBY. BUT I ALWAYS KEEP A BOX OF SOFT, ABSORBENT *KLEENEX* HANDY TO REPAIR MAKE-UP AFTER HE SAYS YES.

(*from a letter by* M. F., Portland, Ore.)

Boy, Am I Popular!

I SHOWED THE WHITE COLLAR GALS HERE HOW TO MAKE CUFFS OF *KLEENEX* TO SAVE DRESSES FROM OFFICE GRIME. REWARD: FOUR KISSES... SO FAR!

(*from a letter by* A. B., Shreveport, La.)

A Bird in the Hand...

IS WORTH TWO ON THE PLATE, WHEN IT COMES TO EATING FRIED CHICKEN! AND SINCE WE'VE "DISCOVERED" *KLEENEX* THERE ARE NO MORE GREASY FINGERS TO SPOIL THE FUN!

(*from a letter by* S. B., St. George, N. Y.)

ADOPT THE KLEENEX HABIT!

KLEENEX DISPOSABLE TISSUES (*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Each advertisement appearing in Liberty has been scrutinized carefully. We believe every product or service so presented can be relied upon to live up to all statements made in the advertisement.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

ATTENTION! ITCHING SKIN SUFFERERS

Don't give up! Try soothing Resinol for the itching, burning torment of eczema or local irritation. For 45 years it has given comfort to many sufferers and it's ready to help you.

Buy and try it today. For free sample write Resinol, LB-4, Baltimore, Md

RESINOL At all druggists

This Man's Army

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

This department of Liberty is for the armed forces of the United States: the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard—also their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of writers will be held in strict confidence, of course, though full signatures are preferred.

☆ WHAT about the young men in the country between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one? Here is a vast reservoir of man power which, for some reason, the government seems unwilling to tap. The greater number of us have no dependents and we can more easily adapt ourselves to army life than older men. Is it possible to enlist for one year only, or must it be three? Then would we be exempt from further military service? And can a volunteer name his branch?

J. W. N., Chattanooga, Tenn.

That's quite a lot of questions in one parcel, but here goes. It has been proposed to lower the draft-age minimum from twenty-one to eighteen, but I understand that Army and Selective Service officials oppose it for the reason, as expressed by one of them: "If this were 1931 instead of 1941, it would be all right. But this is no time to be training an army of boys." However, the Selective Service Act provides that men from eighteen to twenty-one may volunteer for one year's service and thus cancel their future draft obligation. All trainees, upon completion of their year's training, will be placed automatically in the reserve for ten years and will be subject to active duty call in time of national emergency. If you enlist for the regular three-year trick you will not be forced to go into the reserve after discharge. A one-year man may only signify his preference for an arm or service; a three-year man enlists specifically for the branch he wants. Hope this answers you completely.

I have been in the Army only a few months and I've learned a lot, but I want to know more in order to get ahead and obtain a better rating. Are there correspondence courses which I could take and by so doing work for a commission?

Pvt. C. G. E., Camp Barkeley, Tex.

The Army Extension Courses were suspended by order of the Secretary of War on March 24, 1941. Reason: The enlargement and establishment of many more Officers Candidate Schools to which men are appointed on the recommendation of their commanding officers. The first of the three-months courses opens July 1 for nearly 2,000 men and others will follow.

I plan to join the Navy as soon as I get out of high school in June. Can you suggest any book which will tell me about the Navy as it is today and its history?

L. H., Lakewood, Ohio.

Yes. There are any number of books which I could recommend, but perhaps the best for your purposes is What the Citizen Should Know About the Navy, by Hanson W. Baldwin, published by W. W. Norton & Co., 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and its cost is $2. And by the way, on May 15 the Navy announced that it would seek to enlist 35,000 men within the next six weeks to man the new units of the fleet coming into commission. There's your chance.

Wouldn't it be swell if we didn't have to pay postage on the letters we send back to our families and friends! How's chances, do you suppose? I never used to think about a three-cent stamp, but on twenty-one bucks a month and with the number of letters I have to write, it's an item.

Pvt. C. H. O., Fort Benning, Ga.

A whole lot of people have had that same thought and some state legislatures have even petitioned Congress to grant to the armed forces the franking privilege. I hear that a covering bill has been introduced into Congress, but it hasn't been passed yet and I don't know how much chance it has.

I intend to enlist before I am drafted, and I'd like to know what chance I'll have, as an enlisted man, to earn more than the basic pay. Also, what are the rates of pay for the various noncommissioned officers? Finally, is it true that noncoms in the "new" Army get less pay than the regulars?

M. J. W., Peoria, Ill.

The way you write indicates that it won't take you too long to get some stripes and I wish you luck. It is not true that regulars get more pay for equivalent ratings. And here are the rates of monthly pay for the several grades:

Private (less than four months' service)	$21
Private (7th grade, over four months' service)	30
Private, first class (6th grade)	36
Corporal (5th grade)	54
Sergeant (4th grade)	60
Staff Sergeant (3d grade)	72
First Sergeant and Technical Sergeant (2d grade)	84
Master Sergeant (1st grade)	126

There are also specialist ratings for privates with certain qualifications and trade training which pay up to $30 a month in addition to the grade pay.

A general and a colonel were walking down a company street at the fort. Every time they passed a private he saluted, they returned the salute, and the colonel muttered, "The same to you." Finally the general's curiosity got the better of him and he asked the colonel, "Why do you say that?" "Well," replied the colonel, "I was a private once and I know what they're thinking."

Fort Ord Panorama, Calif.

Yes, I know it's got whiskers on it, but it'll always be good.

"You can't send me after a left-handed trench spade while I'm still looking for fifty feet of skirmish line!"

BEVERLY HILLS' *Movie Guide*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ BILLY THE KID

☆THIS is the first of two rival screen "biographies" of the celebrated bad man, Billy Bonney, who rode the Southwest back in the '70s. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer decided to make it with Robert Taylor as Billy. Howard Hughes rushed his production with a newcomer, Jack Beutel, as the outlaw.

The Robert Taylor version is out first. Gene Fowler, who dashed off this saccharine slant on Billy, didn't let himself be handicapped by history. If the ghost of the real Billy isn't riding hard to overtake Gene, it's because he—or it—has acquired an unearthly sense of humor.

Billy killed his first man at the mature age of twelve, rode high, wide, and handsome through the Southwest for quite a spell. Here Billy is a misunderstood victim of circumstances who finds the crooked political combination of a frontier town secretly stealing the cattle of the honest ranchers. Billy throws himself on the side of law and order, breaks up the gang, cleans up the town, and kills the five leaders singlehanded with his trusty six-shooter. The Gene Fowler fabrication makes one concession to history: Billy doesn't get the girl and he is shot down in lovely technicolor in the final scene.

Taylor makes a handsome, dashing, unbelievable Billy who shoots with his left hand and argues with his right. Brian Donlevy almost steals the film as the stalwart honest foreman of the Keating ranch and former boyhood pal of Billy. As the daughter of the Keating household Mary Howard is a shyly pleasant figure.

The film suffers from too little action, but the exterior shots, made in Monument Valley, near Tucson, Arizona, where the company spent four weeks, have singular beauty. The town of Lincoln, New Mexico, was built intact on the Metro back lot. And there's a stampede of 1,500 longhorns —if you like stampedes.

★ ★ ★ SUNNY

Anna Neagle, the English sea captain's daughter who came up from the chorus to film stardom, tackles Jerome Kern's Broadway hit of 1925 for RKO Radio. It's quite a step—in fact, a series of fast steps—for the young

VETERAN

He is independent and proud, yet democratic and gregarious. He is the envy of the rest of the world, and its hope. He is generous and tolerant and peace-loving—and withal the most powerful man in the world. He is the American workman.

His hands, accustomed to the feel of wrench and lever and gauge, may never have held a gun; his mind, trained to think in terms of tolerances as fine as 1/10,000 of an inch, may never have wrestled with a problem of military strategy; and yet he is the veteran of a thousand campaigns.

His campaigns began in the laboratories, and his prowess was proved in the test pits of American industry. His battles were waged on the factory floor and in the field. His victories have helped to make the citizens of the United States the most fortunate people in the world, and the U.S. the greatest nation on earth.

In the plants of the General Electric Company, working with General Electric scientists and engineers, this man, the American workman, has made giant generators to light whole cities, X-ray tubes to penetrate the mysteries of human flesh and metal castings, radio and television apparatus to project man's voice and image through space over the mysterious waves of the ether.

Today, in the gravest hour of world history, he is engaged in the greatest campaign of all. But there is serenity and confidence in his face, and the experience of a thousand campaigns behind him. He is sure of his own abilities, certain of his country's future. General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

woman who cinematically did Queen Victoria and Nurse Edith Cavell. On the Manhattan stage Sunny starred the late Marilyn Miller, landed in the hit class largely because of a single Kern melody, Who?

Sunny is a fable set to music, growing out of a chance meeting during the New Orleans Mardi Gras. He is a socially important, rich young playboy, she is the star of a little traveling carnival tent show. Their troubled romance leads to a number of songs and dances—and that's about all there is to the plot.

To your Beverly Hills Miss Neagle always seems to be unveiling a neatly, carefully .calculated performance. It has its measure of charm, its ratio of verve—but it never gets under the nicely made-up epidermis. Ray Bolger contributes his well known footlight fast stepping as the star's carnival dance partner, John Carroll is the young waster who wins the girl's heart. Neither hit your Beverly Hills hard. Actually Helen Westley pretty well cops the picture as the hero's fabulously rich, eccentric old aunt. As she herself puts it, she supplies the sex-agenarian appeal.

Sunny never seems more realistic than a carefully photographed musical show. It is elaborate, spectacular—and there's still Mr. Kern's lovely song, Who?

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Major Barbara, Citizen Kane, Meet John Doe, Pépé Le Moko, Kitty Foyle, The Philadelphia Story.

★★★½—The Devil and Miss Jones, That Hamilton Woman! A Girl, a Guy and a Gob, Tobacco Road, Cheers for Miss Bishop, So Ends Our Night, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, This Thing Called Love, Comrade X, Chad Hanna.

★★★—Blood and Sand, The Reluctant Dragon, Love Crazy, Kiss the Boys Goodbye, A Woman's Face, One Night in Lisbon, The Wagons Roll at Night, The Great American Broadcast, The Girl in the News, Flame of New Orleans, Ziegfeld Girl, The Cowboy and the Blonde, Penny Serenade, Pot o' Gold, The Sea Wolf, That Night in Rio, I Wanted Wings, Road to Zanzibar, That Uncertain Feeling, Back Street, The Lady Eve, Come Live with Me, Hudson's Bay, Santa Fe Trail, High Sierra, Go West, Second Chorus, Arizona, Tin Pan Alley.

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

(For eleven years Donald Gordon's opinions and ratings of new books have been used by some 25,000 libraries and bookstores. His Book Tip will be a weekly feature for readers of Liberty.)

BERLIN DIARY, by William L. Shirer.

During 1940 probably you heard through your radio as much as Shirer was allowed to broadcast from wartime Berlin. His diary covers his experiences and observations from 1934 to 1941, but he's one of very few English-speaking men with intimate knowledge of Germany's wartime situation within the last year, and he's the first one to reach home, sweet home and write without restriction.

40 ANSWERS

by DEEMS TAYLOR

to his questions on page 30

1—Its full name, "pianoforte," is Italian for "soft-loud." It was so called because, unlike its predecessors, it could be played softly or loudly at will.

2—Sadko, by Rimski-Korsakov.

3—The piccolo and the contra bassoon.

4—Swing music; impromptu swing variations; a coin-in-the-slot phonograph; an accordion.

5—Mendelssohn.

6—Just 100 years. Adolphe Sax invented it in 1840.

7—Schubert. About 600.

8—Italian. Because any musician, regardless of his native tongue, understands them.

9—Paganini—violin; Liszt—piano; Casals—cello; Segovia—guitar; Bach—organ.

10—Strauss' Der Rosenkavalier, Walter Damrosch's Cyrano, and Ravel's L'Heure Espagnole.

11—Piano, two violins, viola, cello.

12—Wilhelm. Amadeus. Bartholdy.

13—Kiss Me Again.

14—Four: swell, choir, great, pedal.

15—Joseph Haydn. About 125.

16—Madame Butterfly and La Traviata.

17—The trombone.

18—(*a*) Arthur Sullivan; (*b*) James Bland; (*c*) Henry R. Bishop; (*d*) John Stafford Smith.

19—Violoncello, bass viol, timpani.

20—Manuel Garcia.

21—L'Africaine, Romeo and Juliet, La Gioconda, The Love of Three Kings.

22—The oboe.

23—Johann Sebastian Bach. The accompaniment is a Bach prelude.

24—(*a*) A brass instrument and a tenor oboe; (*b*) a musical instrument and a medieval variety of counterpoint; (*c*) a small drum and a large gong.

25—Tartini, composer of the Devil's Trill sonata.

26—Guido d'Arezzo, an Italian monk, is generally credited with the invention of the musical staff, about the year 1000.

27—Opéra comique is any opera, comic or serious, with spoken dialogue. (Carmen, in its original form, is an opéra comique.) A comic opera is always (theoretically) comic.

28—Richard Wagner married Cosima, daughter of Franz Liszt and wife of Hans von Bülow.

29—The oboe, the clarinet, and the bassoon.

30—Leopold Auer refused to play Tchaikovsky's violin concerto in 1879. Later he taught it to Hubermann, Heifetz, Zimbalist, and his other famous pupils.

31—In Florence. A revival of the Greek drama.

32—The drum.

33—The New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, founded in 1842.

34—Nobody knows.

35—Sheep's intestines.

36—The wedding of Henry IV of France to Maria de' Medici, in 1600. It was the occasion of the production of Jacopo Peri's Euridice, the first opera to be performed in public.

37—César Franck's D-minor symphony.

38—Samson et Dalilah.

39—Honegger's Pacific 231; Converse's Flivver No. 10,000,000; and Carpenter's Adventures in a Perambulator. Also, Kurt Weill's Lindbergh's Flight.

40—Richard Wagner.

THE SMARTER THEY ARE—THE HARDER THEY FALL—Continued from Page 39

begged, or borrowed. Nor can you subscribe to it unless you are a recognized magician. Because in The Sphinx 5,000 magicians from all parts of the world reveal their secrets to one another.

The most remarkable incident during any of John's performances was a coincidence. It happened at a club for men. He had just shown the trick of making each of several men in the audience choose the same card from the deck, apparently by a free choice. As the applause stopped, one heckler called out, "Can you do that trick with any pack of cards?"

To which John made the traditional reply: "I'll be happy to use the cards you have with you!" Which is usually a silencer—only, it failed to work in the club where cards were easily obtained.

The man called for club cards, and in came a page boy bearing a fresh pack on his silver tray. "Now," the heckler challenged, "here is an unopened pack. Let's see you do the trick with it."

John opened the deck—fanning it out in his powerful hands, running his fingers around the edges, sparring for time—and then he noticed something amazing. Some error had occurred in the factory.

"That deck was made up of fifty-two aces of hearts!" he says.

The trick has now become a positive miracle!

THE END

Liberty's $2,000 Cash Prize HISTORY OF OUR FLAG Quiz

☆ WITH the questions on this page Liberty's $2,000 cash prize History of Our Flag Quiz enters its twelfth week. If you have been following the contest and compiling your entry each week, now that the finishing line is in sight, apply yourself harder than ever for the goal. Your chance to win one of the awards is still excellent. But you cannot win unless you submit an entry. It's up to you. The opportunity is here.

In having followed this contest faithfully, we are sure that you have gleaned a new and better knowledge of the background and growth of the American flag. From now on every star and every stripe will have a meaning to you. And we feel that this is a splendid time in which to familiarize our readers with the significance of our flag, just as in the Constitution Quiz every one taking part became familiar with the famous document upon which our democracy is founded.

If you have any spare time before the July 12 closing date, it might be well to check over your earlier answers. If you have missed any of the quizzes, you will have to dash around among your Liberty-reading friends to collect them because, as announced last week, we cannot fill any more requests for late-entry reprints. Requests received after June 30 cannot be filled.

NO MORE LATE-ENTRY REPRINTS!

As announced last week, orders for late-entry reprints, Quizzes 1 through 10, will not be accepted after Monday, June 30. This is to clear the decks for actual entries, which will soon be flooding in. Lest orders for reprints get delayed in the flood, they will not be accepted after June 30. Sorry, but we'll have to refuse all later orders.

FLAGS OF AMERICAN LIBERTY CHART

To supplement this contest Liberty has arranged to supply Flags of American Liberty, a sixteen-by-twenty-inch chart showing in seven colors sixty-six of the flags which have flown over our land since 1000 A. D. Each has a brief description of the circumstances under which it was displayed. It is not required that you have a copy of this chart in order to compete. Your reference work may be done in any manner you select. However, possession of this beautiful chart, which is suitable for framing and worthy of an honored place in every home or school, will undoubtedly eliminate much additional research. Copies, shipped postpaid in a substantial mailing tube, are available for 25 cents in stamps or coin. Send your order to the address in Rule 8.

THE RULES

1 Each week for thirteen weeks, ending with the issue dated July 12, 1941, Liberty will publish a set of questions about the flag of the United States.

2 To compete, simply clip the coupon containing the questions, paste it at the top of a sheet of paper, and write the answers in numerical order underneath.

3 Do not send in answers until the end of the contest, when your set of thirteen question coupons and requisite answers is complete. Then enter them as a unit. Individual coupons and answers cannot be accepted.

4 Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

5 The judges will be the editors of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

6 Entries will be judged on the basis of the accuracy and logic of the answers submitted. Brevity will count. Use only sufficient words to state your answers clearly.

7 On this basis the best entry submitted will be awarded the $500 First Prize. The second, third, and fourth best entries will be awarded $250, $100, and $50 prizes, in that order. The five next best entries will receive $10 each, and the 210 next best will be awarded $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

8 All entries must be submitted by first-class mail, addressed to Liberty, United States Flag Quiz Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. No entry will be acknowledged or returned, nor can we enter into correspondence concerning any entry.

9 To be considered, entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, July 12, 1941, the closing date of this contest.

HISTORY OF OUR FLAG ★ QUIZ No. 12

When Cuba was stirring with grim destiny,
The stars were then shining in Flag of the Free.
Yea, forty and five by the count of each state,
In herald to battle against cruel fate,
That followed in wake of the battleship Maine,
And ere in such cause it will battle again.

—HOWARD WISWALL BIBLE.

1. To the flag of the United States of which period in our national history does the above stanza refer?
2. When displayed against a wall or from a window, what should be the position of the canton?
3. Which state is represented by star No. 48 on our flag?
4. What famous cross appears in the canton of both the second and third Confederate flags?
5. When used to cover a casket, how should the flag be placed?

Copyright, 1941, Howard W. Bible.

PSORIASIS

Under no circumstances say "yes" to that question until you have tried *SIROIL*. *SIROIL* may change the entire picture for you. *SIROIL* tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on outer layer of skin. Think of what this would mean to you all this entire summer. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of *SIROIL* will help keep them under control. Applied externally, *SIROIL* does not stain clothing or bed linen nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. Offered to you on a two-weeks' satisfaction - or - money - refunded - basis.

SIROIL FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES

Write for interesting booklet on psoriasis direct to—

Siroil Laboratories, Inc., Dept. L-22, Detroit, Mich.
Siroil Laboratories of Canada, Ltd., Box 488, Windsor, Ont.
Please send me your booklet on PSORIASIS

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

Relieves Pain of

PERIODIC FEMALE WEAKNESS

which makes you TIRED, NERVOUS

If painful distress of functional monthly disturbances makes you feel weak, dragged out, cranky at such times—start taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound *at once*.

Pinkham's Compound—made especially for women—not only relieves monthly pain (headache, cramps, backache) but helps build up resistance against such tired, nervous feelings. Hundreds of thousands of women remarkably helped. WORTH TRYING!

CORNS also Callouses. Ingrown Nails relieved. Quick and easy. Just rub on. Jars, 30c and 50c. At your druggist. *Economical!*

REMOVED BY MOSCO

Money refunded if not satisfied. The Moss Co., Rochester, N.Y.

BUS-SICK?

MAY BE PREVENTED AND RELIEVED WITH THE AID OF

Mothersill's
SEASICK REMEDY

She could tell from Dick's face how stricken she must have looked. "It's about that envelope," he said. "That man in the office with me is Felix Wharton, the manager of the plant. When I told him that you had taken it, and what happened after, it seemed obvious that you were the one responsible. I had to give him your name, Jo, and everything I knew about you. When I saw you walk in, though, I simply couldn't give you away. That's why I said that I didn't know who you were. I had to hear your story first before I'd do anything. All you have to do is give me the envelope, and then I'll square everything."

His voice was pleading with her. The cigarette in his fingers had gone out and he took a fresh one.

"What envelope?" she asked slowly.

"You know—that small manila payroll envelope. You had my address and telephone number on it."

"But you told me to take it," she said.

"Whatever it was," he said wearily, "I have to have it. If it's as innocent as you say—and I really don't care," he went on—"I don't care if you're the biggest crook on God's green earth, I can't turn you in, Jo. And you know why."

"I know why," she agreed. "But you can set your mind at ease. I'm not a thief."

"Then give me the envelope."

His hand was outstretched across the table. There was an eager look on his face, as though he were nearing the exit of a long, dark tunnel.

"I don't have it, Dick," she said finally. "I gave it away."

Slowly the hope in his eyes died. When he spoke again, his voice was expressionless.

"Jo, for heaven's sake, don't play games with me! Can you tell me who you gave it to? I'm doing this because I love you and I have to help you. I'm the only one who can. You must trust me. Who's got it?"

"I'm not sure, Dick. And I am trusting you. I always have. I swear that I had no idea what the envelope was when I put it in my bag. I still don't. The most important thing about that paper was your address on it. The whole crazy business started yesterday."

☆ SHE told him about her pursuit of the old man, and how the bag finally did get away from her. As clearly as she could, she explained about the wedding and the bald man.

"Then the bridegroom has it," Dick said. "We'll have to find him."

"But first I insist on knowing what this is all about," Jo said. "Why were you delayed, and what has it to do with your bag?"

Dick had continued on the bus with the old couple. At Chicago the millers got off, and in a short time the bus filled up with other passengers. At Syracuse the old lady decided that she was too tired to continue the journey without a rest. The bus stopped there for half an hour, and her husband decided that it would be wiser if she remained at the bus station while he went out to find a room in a tourist house. He asked Dick to go with him, and after a short walk they found a small hotel which satisfied the man.

He went up with Dick to inspect the room, and while the two were alone the old man chloroformed Dick and put him to bed. Then he went downstairs and registered in Dick's name, leaving instructions that the young man was not to be disturbed until the following morning. Then he returned to the bus station and continued on to New York with his wife.

☆ IN the morning, at the same time that Jo was waiting for him in New York, Dick awoke with a headache, realizing what had happened. He took the next train to New York, which got him in at four o'clock in the afternoon, where he reported what had happened and the fact that his bag was missing.

"That was when I discovered that the most important thing I was carrying was that little envelope," Dick said. "As a matter of fact, the only reason I was asked to make the trip was to get the envelope to New York from San Diego as unobtrusively as possible."

"What was in the envelope?" asked Jo. "As far as I could see, it was empty and blank."

Dick hesitated for a moment. "I suppose I might as well tell you," he said. "You're in this up to your neck anyhow." He lit a cigarette. "As I told you once before, the Corbus Company does mostly experimental work. Our designs and preliminary tests with the wind tunnel are made in San Diego. Then the designs and plans are shipped East for the production of a model plane.

"The past few months we've known that our plans are no longer secret. No matter how we tried to keep the designs to ourselves, they always leaked out. And we were able to tell that the leak occurred during the time they were traveling from West to East. Whether it was sent by mail or special messenger, it made no difference.

"About six weeks ago the firm hit on a scheme that worked. That is, it worked until I met you. The idea that the firm adopted was to send the designs in as unobtrusive a way as possible. Some one unimportant—a machinist, a draftsman, or one of the junior engineers—would be called in and told that he was being transferred to the New York plant. He had a certain amount of time to report there, no great rush, and he was told that he'd be paid for his expenses at the *end* of his trip. This meant that he usually traveled inexpensively, because people like me don't have enough in the bank to charter a special plane.

"He'd be given some credentials: his work sheet, his health card, his social security information—you know the kind of stuff large organizations keep in their files. Well, on one of these innocent-looking pieces of paper the designs would be drawn in an invisible ink. When the carrier arrived in New York, his papers would be filed, and the plant manager in checking over the new arrivals would know where to look. The carrier never had the faintest idea that he had anything on him. The only two people who knew exactly who the person was and where the designs had been put were the plant managers.

"In my case, the designs were on the inside of the little envelope. The old couple on the bus were working for some one who caught on to the plan, and that's why they took the valise. It seems logical that when they discovered that the envelope was missing they went looking for you. They might even have discovered it before they got off the bus and had the bald man tail you. At least we know that they don't have it. All we have to do is find this bridegroom and get the paper from him."

His voice made it sound like a simple thing, but the tight expression in his eyes hadn't relaxed. He smoked nervously as Jo finished her coffee.

☆ "WHY don't you go back to this Mr. Wharton," she suggested, "and explain the whole thing to him?"

"That's impossible," he said. His voice was sharp and fine. "I just told him that I had never seen you before, and if I march in now and say that I was only joking, it would sound so fishy that we'd both be tossed in jail. Besides, you can't *prove* that what you did was as innocuous as it really was until you can produce the envelope. It's up to the two of us to settle this thing by ourselves."

"Then let's start with Ann Cabrini. Perhaps she can tell us who the bridegroom is and where we can find him."

He shook his head.

"The last place we can go now is your roominghouse," he said. "The police have your name, they know your story, and you'll be easy to trace. You must realize," he insisted softly, "we're on the run now. We may be innocent and only after this piece of paper, but the police are after us. Probably Wharton is wondering right now what took me so long to show you to the door. As soon as he goes down to check up, he'll discover that you asked the doorman for me by my name. He'll know that you know me, and there's only one girl that I have any cause to deny knowing, and that's you. When I marched out of that door with you, Jo, I marched into your life, whether you like it or not."

As she listened to him and understood slowly what he was saying, a feeling of emotional exhaustion spread through her mind. At least she knew

what had happened, but whatever consolation that may have given was more than counterbalanced by the terrifying knowledge that she was running away from the police.

"Oh, Dick!" It was all Jo could say. She was breathless and her throat felt tight and sick. She passed her hand over her forehead and felt the cool sweat that had no relation to her body temperature. "This is all impossible! I can't go through with this. And you —you're acting like a complete fool." She laughed a little hysterically. "I can't see the two of us tearing around New York one jump ahead of the police."

"It's the only thing we can do," he remarked. It sounded very casual, but final. "It's not a case of 'chin up, old girl,' you know; you're too intelligent for that hokum. I know you're scared, Jo. I suppose I am too, in a way, but it's so necessary for our own self-protection that our being scared is just unimportant. We're in a hole and we've got to get out. So gather up your things and let's be on our merry way. This isn't our safest neighborhood."

They took a Fifth Avenue bus uptown against the morning traffic. The safest place, Dick decided, was the New York Public Library. It would be quiet there, and they'd attract no attention if they talked. Besides, they'd have access to all the morning papers as well as a complete file of all the old metropolitan dailies.

"We'll look up all the public notices and society news to see if there's been an announcement of the wedding," Dick said.

☆ IN the newspaper room they had to wait a few minutes for the morning issues. A scholarly-looking man wearing a pince-nez on a black ribbon was studying them carefully and making notes on filing cards. Finally he surrendered the Times. Dick grabbed it and turned immediately to the announcements.

"Can you remember the name of either the bride or groom's family?" he asked.

"The bride's name was Mason," she said. "I can't remember the groom's name."

Dick ran down the list.

"This must be it. 'Mr. and Mrs. Maugham Mason, of 746 Calender Avenue, Brooklyn, announce the marriage of their daughter, Pansy, to Francis Xavier Grogan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Assisi Grogan, of 1376 West Laurelton Boulevard.'"

He looked at her and smiled. "You couldn't ask for more," he said. "It tells us everything—names, addresses, and all."

He returned the paper to the man with the pince-nez, who was staring at them impatiently.

"There must be a telephone booth around here," Jo remarked. "You can call one of them and find out where they are."

They found one in the hall. Dick stepped into the booth and got Mason's number from information, and imme-

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diately dialed it. He closed the door then, and Jo watched him through the glass. It was impossible to hear what he said.

His face was relaxed as he waited for an answer; but his eyes lighted up suddenly. She could see him talking. Then there was another wait. He spoke again, and he was smiling as though he were making a polite request.

The smile disappeared at once as he took on the expression of shock. Jo couldn't hear a word, but she could see Dick rapidly jiggling the receiver hook.

Jo watched him, and without knowing its cause she caught his panic. It grew out of her earlier fears and then fed on them. She needed no new cause; a revival of her old ones was sufficient.

Dick finally hung up and pulled the door open, the startled look still on his face.

"He hung up on me," he said almost dazedly. "As soon as I asked where his son-in-law was, he told me to mind my own business if I knew what was good for me, and then he cut me off."

"But why?" Jo demanded. "Did he know who you were?"

"I didn't say anything about that. I just asked him as nicely as I knew how where to find this fellow."

Jo watched him, confused. She realized that she was completely dependent on Dick for her future and even the immediate courage to await the next shock. And this last she knew was a terrific strain on him. It meant that he couldn't be frank with her, that he'd have to keep presenting things to her in a pretty light, and, in short, that she was a drag on him.

☆ THERE was no need for it, she decided. If things were getting bad, then it was just as bad for Dick. And if she was frightened, as she was, then Dick was scared too. The most sensible thing was to help him as much as possible.

"Suppose we go down to see this Mr. Mason," she suggested.

She offered this with her heart in her mouth. The very last thing in the world she wanted to be doing was to chase any one connected with yesterday's affairs. The thought of coming face to face with one of that crowd made her feel ill.

"I think you've got the right tack," he said. "It sounds pretty good. His office is over on Sixth Avenue."

She stared at him in dismay, and immediately thought of a hundred good reasons why they shouldn't go; but he had already taken her arm and they were on their way. The school children milled about them on their way out now. They swirled about Jo's legs, paying no more attention to her than a school of fish to a sunken rock.

They followed the children out of the building. At the very foot of the long flight of steps, a green-and-white squad car was parked, and an officer stood with one foot on the running board, gazing upward. To Jo it seemed as though he were staring straight at her. She fell back a step and grabbed Dick's arm.

"Look!" she said. "Isn't there another way out?"

"It's too late to go back," he told her. "Besides, how do we know he's looking for us?"

"It'll be too late if we just march down and ask him."

"There's an easy way out. Watch me."

He looked about him and reached down, taking the hands of two girls who were on either side of him. The children looked up at him in surprise.

"Now, watch these steps, girls," he cautioned. "Don't trip!"

Obediently the children stared fixedly at their feet, taking elaborate precautions to put one foot before the other. They were so careful that they stumbled several times.

☆ JO decided to imitate him. She dropped back for a few seconds to give Dick a chance to get ahead of her, and picked on the youngest-looking boys she could find. As she took their hands in her own, they seemed to find nothing wrong with the procedure.

"Did you like the story?" she asked.

Both boys nodded vigorously. One of them did a little dance and looked up at her.

"Oh, I liked it," he said. "Tell it to us again."

"Later."

"No, now," he insisted. The other smiled up at her shyly.

"Well, once upon a time," Jo said, "there lived . . . guess who?"

"Dick Whittington," the shy boy said. "He had a cat."

"That's right," said Jo. "And guess what Dick did."

"Oh, I know. He was very poor and he went to London to seek his fortune."

"I was just about to say that," Jo replied. "And now I'm going to tell you whom he saw there. Who knows?"

"I do," the insistent one said. "He saw the Mayor of London. I once saw the Mayor of New York. He's an Indian."

"He is not," said the shy one. "He just wears feathers. When I saw him, he was in the Fire Department. Boy, was that a fire! And the mayor just stood there and yelled at it. Is that what the Mayor of London looked like?"

"No," Jo told them. "The Lord Mayor of London never went to a fire and he never wore feathers in his hair. He never even went to a ball game."

"Well, what did he do?"

They were walking past the squad car now. The policeman stared at her and then at the children.

"When we get back to school," Jo said quite loudly, "I'll tell you what the mayor did."

"But you're not going back to school with us," one of the boys said. His voice was just as loud as hers. "You're not our teacher. We never even saw you before!"

Jo hesitated a second, waiting for the policeman to come along and grab her.

"But I'm a new teacher," she insisted above them. "I teach the kindergarten."

"Don't boast to the whole world about it," a voice said in her ear. "The Board of Education might hear you."

It was Dick. He had lost his little girls.

"We're all right now," he told her. "We can cut west at this corner. Our friend didn't pay us the slightest bit of attention."

"You going away?" the boys asked her.

"Yes. On business."

"Can we go too?"

"No, I'm afraid not," she said. She waved to them. "I'll see you again. Good-by."

The outer office of the Minerva Import & Export Company was like the waiting room of a funeral parlor. The floor was of cold white stone, and huge Renaissance chairs were hidden behind tall potted plants. It was cold and inexpressibly sad. The deathly silence was shattered by an occasional outburst on a typewriter, and then the stillness would settle down like a cloud of flies on a sleeping man who occasionally slaps at his nose.

The receptionist sat at a long black desk. She was quite young, and had a prematurely hunted look, as though at a given signal she was capable of grabbing her hat and her typewriter to disappear into a drawer.

☆ "IS Mr. Mason in?" Dick asked. His voice seemed to roar out in the enormous place and the walls echoed his question a dozen times in a dozen tones. The room demanded to know where was Mr. Mason.

"Mr. Mason?" the receptionist asked. "Is there anything I can do?"

"It's about his son-in-law," said Jo.

The receptionist looked at her for a moment somewhat hesitantly.

"His son-in-law?" she asked, echoing Jo. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Why, yes," Dick replied. "We just want to know where he's spending his honeymoon. "I've got to see him as soon as possible."

The receptionist's eyes were speculative. "Do you mind very much if I ask you why you want to see him?" She looked rapidly from one to the other, as though she were holding them off during her retreat.

"It's rather peculiar," Jo said. "He has something of mine. By accident he came into possession of it, and it's useless to him, but to me it's very valuable, and I simply must have it. I want to get to him before he throws it away as a piece of junk, if he hasn't done so already."

"Oh." The cadence was falling. In that sound Jo could hear the whole thing being dismissed as a triviality. "Then there's really no need for you to see Mr. Mason about it."

"Then will you tell us where he is?"

"I don't know, but there must be

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many places where you can find out without bothering Mr. Mason."

"If Mr. Mason is busy," Dick said, "we'll wait."

The receptionist was becoming uneasy.

"I told you Mr. Mason can't be disturbed," she insisted.

Dick's face had become whiter. Jo could see that, beneath whatever assurance he had adopted to impress her, he was burning with impatience.

"This is much more important than you realize, young lady," he said. His voice was sharp. "And since it's so important, there's really no need to announce us to Mr. Mason."

He took Jo's wrist and led her to the black door behind the desk. It was unlocked and he pushed it open. To Jo's first look the room seemed empty. She got the sense of something being poised for use.

Her heart began to pound as her gaze moved about the place—at the untidy desk and empty chair behind it, at the half-filled little bookcase, and the newspaper dropped carelessly on the floor beside an armchair whose cushion was still rumpled. A cigarette with a long ash was balanced on the edge of a tray, and the blue smoke drifted up, responding suddenly to air currents that one couldn't even feel.

"Well? What the hell do *you* want?" demanded a heavy voice.

Jo turned and saw Mr. Mason standing by the window. This was the same man she had seen the night before, but now all the lines in his face curved down. His face was red and his eyes bulged. Hysteria stood out on him like beads of sweat.

"What d'you mean by breaking in on me like this?" he said.

"We're very sorry to trouble you," Dick said.

"You should be!"

"But," Dick went on, quietly walking closer to the man, "it was on a matter of some importance."

Mr. Mason stood there waiting, his emotions poised for new information.

"It's about your son-in-law," Dick said quietly. He said it, and stopped short, as one jabs at a strange animal to see what he will do.

Mr. Mason's reaction was to glare at Jo and Dick in cold fury. "What's he got to do with you?" he asked.

"Mr. Mason, I never met the man, and it doesn't make a bit of difference to me whether I ever do or do not. It's just that he has something of mine. He got it by sheer accident, and so—"

"You want to know where he is!" Mason said sardonically. "You want *me* to go on record as knowing all the time where they are. Well, I don't know, and what's more I don't care. I don't know what your racket is, but I don't like it, and you can go back to that son-in-law of mine and tell him I said so."

"You don't understand," Jo said. She could see that the man was insanely furious, and whether it was justified or not, he was convinced that she and Dick were involved with his persecutors. As she listened to his ranting, the feeling of helplessness returned.

"Don't tell me I don't understand!" he shouted. "I *do* understand. You were the people who called me before. I know, all right. I refuse to be bled for another penny. What am I supposed to be—a philanthropist? I won't be blackmailed!"

"All we want is some information," Dick protested. "You're confusing us with some one else."

"Damn it!" Mason snarled. "I'm not confused." He opened the door of his office. "Call the police!" he shouted to the receptionist. "I know how to handle your kind."

Jo looked at Dick and waited anxiously for his leadership. Whatever this madman was complaining about, they couldn't afford to have the law step in at this time.

Dick had come to the same conclusion. He took her arm and started for the door. But Mason slammed it first, and planted himself solidly in front of it.

"Oh, no," he said. "You'll wait and explain this to an officer."

Can Jo and Dick escape the police so they can look for Mr. Mason's son-in-law and get back the precious envelope? Is Mason in league with the people who have been following Jo? Surprising events happen swiftly in next week's thrilling chapter—and more trouble looms on the horizon!

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THE RISE AND FALL OF JOSEPH SCHENCK

Continued from Page 19

Schenck, in his middle thirties, began to laugh. They recalled the incident of the previous year when Joe had offered Norma seventy-five a week. "You should have signed me at four hundred," she said, with a rippling laugh, "because now my price has gone up to a thousand a week."

"I'll beat that," said Joe. "I'll give you a thousand a week—and twenty-five per cent of the profits on your pictures."

Norma blinked. "Do you really mean it?"

"I always mean what I say," he assured her.

And Joe did mean what he said. The only trouble was that he hardly knew at the moment just where he was going to get a thousand dollars every week to pay her. He had been careless with money ever since he had first started to clear large sums. He worked hard by day and he gambled hard by night. Then, too, he was always buying a piece of this or a piece of that. Sometimes he came out on the laughing end; more often he didn't. He always made money when he was personally directing an enterprise, no matter what it was; as a rule, he took a loss, in the long run, on any undertaking that was operated by others.

By this time he was a well known "touch" along Broadway, and the touches were usually for $1,000 and upward, seldom for five spots. Thus it was that he became known as "Easy Come—Easy Go Joe." One month he would have a bank balance of, say, $200,000, and the next month he might not be able to write a check for $200.

But he always had an unbounded, almost fanatical confidence in himself, and it is axiomatic on Broadway and on Hollywood Boulevard that Joe Schenck has never gone back on his word. However, he admits that he was skating on thin ice when he impulsively made that offer to Norma Talmadge. "But," he told me, "I made it for two reasons. I knew very well that I could borrow enough money to make a picture with Norma and that the picture was bound to make money. My other reason for wishing to become closely associated with her, no matter how much it was going to cost, was that from the very first moment I ever laid eyes on her I loved her."

It was in July, 1916, that Joe met Norma Talmadge. Immediately he began scurrying around, searching for a vehicle in which to star her. He came across a play called Panthea, in which Olga Petrova had had a successful run on the stage. He scraped up enough money to buy the screen rights to the play, and then, as luck would have it, a couple of theaters he had invested in began to return large profits and he found himself with sufficient money to produce the picture.

He called in Allan Dwan, a prominent director then, as now, to handle the megaphone at $1,000 a week. He wanted to make certain that his new star would show up to the very best advantage, and Dwan, he knew, was an expert on lighting.

Norma, who was only four years out of Erasmus High School in Brooklyn, was living at the Algonquin Hotel with her mother, Peg, who had two other daughters, both younger than Norma—Constance, just starting in pictures, and Natalie. In a way, Peg Talmadge was a typical stage mother. She wanted nothing for herself but she wanted everything for her daughters—and she was dead set against any of them getting married, at least for a long time. This applied particularly to Norma.

You can well imagine the complications that loomed on the horizon when Producer Schenck wore a path through the Algonquin corridors to the Talmadge apartment. "My excuse," he told me, "was that I wanted to consult Norma on the scenario and the casting of the other parts. Actually, I did write most of the scenario and I cast every role, but of course I didn't have to go up to the Algonquin so often, and Norma's mother soon caught on to the real reason."

Peg Talmadge was in a dilemma. She noticed that her eldest daughter was singularly gay and happy; she had grave suspicions as to the reason why. One day she said to Norma, "You love Joe Schenck, don't you?"

"I'm hopelessly in love with him, mother," answered the young star.

The dilemma arose from the fact that, while Peg didn't want Norma to wed Joe Schenck—or anybody else—she didn't, on the other hand, want to oppose the match openly for fear of hurting Joe's feelings, for she recognized in him a producer who would bring Norma's promise to fulfillment.

Peg Talmadge (and both Joe and Norma told me this) had developed a technique for getting rid of suitors for the hands of Norma and Constance. At first she would pretend to like a suitor very much. She was far too clever to say anything against any man whom either girl evinced the slightest interest in. Instead, she assumed an attitude of motherly kindness mixed with ridicule. She always found something about the man that would make him appear silly in the eyes of the daughter concerned. In Joe Schenck's case it was his derby hat. Joe's head was just never made for a derby—his forehead was too wide, and the hard hat would keep slithering askew; yet he invariably wore it.

As the weeks went by and the script of Panthea began to take shape, Peg, who never permitted Joe and Norma a moment to themselves, would always add, in saying good night to the producer, "Now, be sure and don't lose your hat, Joe." But for once her ridicule wasn't registering with Norma. And then Peg lost her weapon when one day Joe appeared wearing a soft gray hat.

They began shooting the picture in rented studio space on West Forty-eighth Street. Schenck says he has never since worked so hard on any production. He had an apartment on Seventy-second Street, near Broadway, but now he slept on a cot in the studio, after looking at rushes and making changes half the night.

The strange part of the whole business was that Joe Schenck had never mentioned to Norma Talmadge how he felt about her, and that he—an expert at reading a poker player's face—had no idea that she was in love with him. He went to Irving Berlin and said, "Come around to the studio tomorrow and meet this Norma Talmadge. I'm in love with her. Try and find out if I have a chance, will you?"

He hovered in the offing next day as Irving talked with her between takes. At lunchtime Irving got him in a corner. "Joe," he said, "that girl is crazy about you."

"Irving! You're not kidding me?"

"It's on the level, Joe. The sooner you propose, the better, and I'm all for it."

Joe Schenck proposed to Norma Talmadge that afternoon when Peg went out to do some shopping. Then the betrothed pair were afraid to break the news to Peg. A month passed. On the night of October 20, 1916, Irving Berlin took Mrs. Talmadge to the theater. She understood that they were going to be shooting Panthea until late that night. But the studio on Forty-eighth Street was dark. Joe and Norma drove up to Stamford, Connecticut, and were secretly married by a justice of the peace. They rushed back to New York, Norma to her quarters in the Algonquin and Joe to his apartment, and Norma was sound asleep when Irving Berlin brought Peg home.

☆ PANTHEA was finished on Christmas Day, Joe's birthday. His friends in the movie industry came to see the picture at a private preview. They said it couldn't miss making a barrel of money—and making Norma Talmadge one of the brightest stars. Peg was delighted. She gave its producer a hug and a kiss, and said, "Joe, you wouldn't make a bad son-in-law, at that."

"Peg," he said, "I'm glad you feel that way, for I've been your son-in-law for over two months."

Norma brought the smelling salts, and then everybody went up to Claremont Inn on Riverside Drive and celebrated.

Panthea opened at the Rialto Theater on Times Square January 11, 1917. "Joe and I had great confidence in the picture," Miss Talmadge told me, "but not enough to stay in New York and see it. We were half scared to death. Joe had practically every cent of his money in the production, and my whole future depended on it. So we took a train from Grand Central Terminal the day before the picture opened. I honestly forget just where

we wound up—but it must have been as far away from the Rialto as possible. Then we started to get wires, along the way, about what a big success the picture was. It was only then that we had time for each other. Two people were never more in love. I always called him Lambie and he always called me Child."

When they returned to New York, it was decided to keep the marriage a secret, if possible, because a star who was married was then believed to be less of a box-office draw. The news soon leaked out, however, but it had no appreciable effect on the Talmadge popularity.

Joe and Norma ensconced themselves in a sumptuous estate at Bayside, Long Island. Irving Berlin did much of his composing there. One day he said to Joe's wife, "Norma, you've just given me an idea for a song. I'm going to call it A Pretty Girl Is Just Like a Melody." The whole country was to be humming that tune two years later.

It was while he was continuing production of the Norma Talmadge pictures in the East that Joe became acquainted with Attilio Giannini, a former United States army surgeon in the Spanish-American War, in 1917 the president of a small bank on lower Broadway, and later to become the head of the great Bank of America on the Pacific coast. "Before I met Joe Schenck," Dr. Giannini told me at his home in Beverly Hills, "I was concentrating on lending money to the fur and imported Italian groceries trades. My little bank was located right between their centers and I was doing a pretty good business, because the big banks wouldn't let the fur and grocery people inside their doors. The movies were in the same predicament in those days.

"Well, Joe Schenck heard of me about the time I heard of him as producer of the Talmadge pictures. He came in one day and said, 'Doc, I hear you're a pretty broad-minded fellow, so I'd like to borrow a lot of money.' That seems like a strange way to begin a friendship, but that's how ours began. It has lasted through the years, and Joe has been on the directorates of many of my banks. He was the first man who really established a solid contact between the banking business and the movies. I loaned Joe money time after time, and he always met his loans. What was more, he brought me a great deal of business from the movies and the stage, and I not only never lost a dime on any of it but made piles. Now look at the big banks. Hollywood is thick with their agents trying to lend millions to the studios. Joe Schenck started it all."

In 1917 the United States army accepted Irving Berlin as a volunteer and deposited him at Camp Upton, New York, as a buck private. Berlin was high-strung and had always suffered from a nervous stomach. His friend Joe Schenck was sure that the rough-and-ready life of Camp Upton would be the death of him. Joe was always running up with delicacies, medicines, and hot-water bottles for him. But Berlin liked the army. He set to work on a show called Yip, Yip, Yaphank, taking off life in a cantonment. Joe scurried around New York and talked Ziegfeld, Charles Dillingham, and others into contributing scenery and costumes. Yip, Yip, Yaphank cleared almost $100,000 for the government.

Norma's younger sister, Constance, began making pictures under the Schenck banner in 1918. A year later a frozen-faced fellow named Buster Keaton, who had interrupted a career as a screen comic to go to the war, returned from France, and he was recuperating in a New York hospital when Irving Berlin told Joe Schenck about him. "He's almost as funny as Chaplin," said Berlin. "I remember him from years ago at Tony Pastor's. He was a small kid then and he played in an act with his mother and father called The Three Keatons."

Joe went to the hospital and signed up Keaton. He liked comedians, for he was making plenty of money with the Arbuckle comedies, produced in California. When Buster came out of the hospital, he invited him to spend a few days at Bayside. Buster met Natalie, the youngest Talmadge sister, and fell in love with her.

In December, 1920, Connie Talmadge eloped with John Pialoglou, wealthy Greek tobacco importer, and they were married at Greenwich, Connecticut. In May, 1921, Buster Keaton married Natalie at the Schenck home in Bay-

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side. Joe gave the newlyweds a Rolls-Royce automobile for a wedding present—the first of many such gifts on similar occasions. The marriages of Connie and Natalie, like that of Norma, were not destined to last. Shadows were already beginning to fall across the path of Joseph M. Schenck, although he had hardly gotten started in his fabulous career. Death and heartbreak and ruin—all the drama with which he was vesting the photoplays of his wife—were all about him, but he was too busy to realize it.

"I should have seen what was coming," he told me. "I remember one morning, while Norma and I were living at Bayside, I got up feeling like a million. It was a wonderful spring day, the buds were out and the birds were singing, and I went to the breakfast table happy as a lark. In fact, I was singing one of Irving's latest pieces—not very well, but it established my mood to my wife and to my mother-in-law, who had gotten to the table before me.

"They both gave me an odd look, I remembered later, but I was too happy, and too engrossed about the way Norma's latest picture was coming along, to pay any attention. Then Norma got up from the table, crying. I didn't even notice that. What had happened was that she was going away on location for several days. It was to be our first separation, for I had to remain in New York. Norma was hurt because she thought I wasn't going to miss her. And, to make matters worse, I ate two big lamb chops after she left crying. I should have realized then what a precious thing I had in Norma's love—but it was the old, old story—too busy."

☆ ONE day in September, 1921, Schenck got a long-distance phone call from Hollywood. Norma noticed that he seemed depressed—unusual for him—after he hung up.

"What's wrong, Lambie?" she asked.

"Child," he said, "I'm wondering what my bank balance is, for I've got a lot tied up in production."

"Why, what's wrong, and how much do you need?"

"I don't know, but plenty. A hundred thousand at once, anyway. Roscoe Arbuckle is in trouble in San Francisco. A girl named Virginia Rappe is dying after a party in his hotel rooms, and Roscoe may face manslaughter. You know how he spends money; he hasn't a cent. I've got to help him, for I know he's innocent."

Have you any idea of how much Joe Schenck was to spend in his efforts to help Roscoe Arbuckle? Of how he was to become associated with such stars as Chaplin and Mary Pickford, and what was to prompt him to build theaters far and wide? Or of how his adored Norma was to break it to him that she loved another man? These things and many more will be revealed —on Joe Schenck's own authority— in Liberty next week!

This soldier is wearing the latest thing in gas masks. Building up a reserve supply of these masks is...

...one of the many important National Defense jobs handled by the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, which is a big user of Sinclair lubricants. Goodyear's use of Sinclair products for the safe lubrication of millions of dollars worth of machinery is a...

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to old Barney, her daddy. They were the same joyously lovesick kids they'd been in the summer.

Lang McKeldin can always serve as my model of the young lover. I happen to know he went without lunches in order to buy her flowers occasionally. I happen to know he lived in a two-by-four room so he could take her to shows oftener. I happen to know he was miserable because he was just a rookie pitcher who couldn't afford matrimony. Also, I happen to know that he still had his temper.

It cropped up downtown one night when a man made a fresh remark to June. That guy is still probably wondering who drove the truck that struck him. June said to Lang, "Darling, you shouldn't have hit so hard." But on her face was the look of the woman who has been fought for. It's a nice look. Ever see it?

Well, the season opened finally and Lang took up where he'd left off in September. Pitched good even ball but nothing to bring the big-league scouts into town. He got despondent and, I guess, a little bitter. They couldn't marry on his salary.

"Mike," he asked me, "what's wrong? Why don't I get somewhere? I've got the stuff, haven't I?"

"This is a fast league, kid," I told him. "I notice you pitch mighty good when you get mad, like you got the other day when that guy spiked McNelly."

"But I don't want him to have to be mad to be good," June broke in. "I want him happy and gay." The red-brown curls shook around her ears and she was dead serious. "I'd rather for him to be a Class B pitcher all his life than—"

"I'm not going to be," Lang interrupted quietly. "I'm going to the majors in two years, or else I'll quit baseball for something sure. You're going to have the things you want and I'm going to give them to you."

"I just want you," June said.

So then the seriousness went away after a moment, and the three of us began to laugh and joke. Presently they were their crazy selves again, and this was the night, I remember, that they kidded me about the sports verse I sometimes printed in my column.

"Tell you what, Mike," said Lang. "Write a love song and dedicate it to June and me."

I said, "O. K., wise boy. What'll be the title?"

"Why, that's easy!" June cried. "The title will be Indignantly Yours!"

And then all three of us were laughing again.

☆ IN late spring of that year June published her book. You've probably read it. A lot of people have. It's called My Daddy Wrote Sports. June had intended it only as a little memorial to the dad she'd been so crazy about. She'd never expected to make any money out of it. But people liked the salty character of old Barney Martin and the fresh, gay, exciting style with which his daughter wrote. The book never was a best seller but, still, it sold plenty.

And one night Lang and I sat drinking coffee in the little restaurant across the street from the shop, drinking coffee and waiting for June. The kid was on the gloomy side tonight. He'd lost a tough extra-inning game four days before and hadn't yet got over it. I was glad when at last June entered the restaurant and came dancing along to our table.

☆ SHE was that night the prettiest girl I've ever seen. I like to remember her the first part of that night. "What a shameless wench I am!" she cried, and kissed Lang and then kissed me. Her eyes were two blue excited stars. In her hand she waved her latest check. "Oh, darling! Now—now we can get married!"

But Lang McKeldin said gently, and yet stridently too, "No. No, not on your money, kid."

So you've heard that one before? So what? Who hasn't? It's as old as Pharaoh and as young as nylon stockings, and it's human nature, brother, human nature from the ground up.

"But I don't understand, Lang," said June.

"Then I'm sorry," Lang told her, and suddenly he was stiff and cold and hurt. It was plain that this was something he didn't want to talk about, something that he expected her to understand instantly.

June inherited something of a temper herself from old Barney. "If you're going old-fashioned on me, then I'm the one that's sorry. Lang!"

"Please, honey," Lang said.

"Lang, we've dreamed for a year now about the time when we'd have enough money to be married. We've got it now. Don't be stupid and stubborn."

The hurt in his eye thickened. "Not on your money, kid," he repeated.

She stood up then, and she said, "I'm furious with you. Have I got to beg you? Lang, we'll be married right away, tomorrow—or never."

"You don't mean that, June," he said. "June! Honey!"

"I do mean it."

Now he was just as wrought up as she was. He said, "Then it looks like never."

The next day Lang McKeldin pitched a no-hit, no-run game, and from there on out he was the sensation of the league. He pitched with a sort of blazing fury. He fought with opposing players, with his own teammates, and on occasion with the umpires. From the time that June kicked him till the finish of the schedule he won seventeen games and lost only one. At the end of the season the Sox paid a fancy price for him and he was in the majors at last.

I can't begin to tell you the number of tricks the boys and girls on the Times-Leader employed in trying to reconcile that pair. But it was just no dice. Around the shop the gloom was thick enough to slice.

Lang went home to Texas after the season. June pretended to be very busy and fooled nobody.

In the spring we read that young McKeldin was the sensation of the Sox training camp. He was hot, too, when the regular season opened, and he stayed hot. They called him the best rookie pitcher in ten years. Then, a little later, the Big Time sports writers began calling him a lone wolf; they added such adjectives as unruly, bad-tempered, swell-headed. But the kid kept winning and finished the season with nineteen victories against five defeats.

His enemies, and he hadn't stinted himself making them, said just wait till next season and the old second-year jinx caught up with him. They could have saved their breath. He was just as good a pitcher his second year as he'd been the first, and just as bad an actor. Sure, he won the games, but by midseason, so reports ran, less than half his teammates were on speaking terms with him.

One day, along in August of that year, I was reading Vince Coakley's column in the Times, reading it because it was about Lang. Some one came up and stood looking over my shoulder. I thought it was one of the boys and kept reading. Here is what Coakley had to say:

This McKeldin is a lad who gives you the impression that he'd sell his soul and yours, too, to win a ball game. He pitches with a kind of bitter rage, and woe unto the umpire who calls one wrong or the fielder who lets a bad hop fool him. In the fracas yesterday with the Yankees, Maxey, the Sox shortstop, gummed up a double-play ball. What McKeldin said to Maxey would blister your ears, boys and girls, definitely blister your ears. Still, he's the guy that's kept the Sox at or near the top of the race all year, and you'll be seeing him around for a long time to come.

I finished Coakley's piece and glanced up. But it wasn't one of the boys looking over my shoulder. It was June Martin. She flinched, and I saw the trembling of her lips and the sudden tears in her eyes.

"Kid," I mumbled, "you ever consider writing him a letter?"

"It still looks like never, Mike," she said, and walked away.

☆ THE last of the season found the Sox and Senators tangling in Washington in the series that would decide the pennant. I went up to cover those games. The Sox were a game to the good in the standings and they went ahead by two when McKeldin beat Washington four to one the first day. All they needed to do now was win one more game of the three remaining and they'd be in.

I found Lang in the lobby of the Sox's hotel after the game. He actually seemed glad to see me. For just a moment a wistful light trembled in his eyes.

"Have dinner with me, Mike?"

"Sure, Lang."

Then he said something pretty bitter: "I'd like to show folks I've got one friend."

"What the hell's the matter with you, Lang?"

In a voice that asked me to mind my own business, Lang said, "Don't cuss at me, Mike."

We went into the dining room. A couple of the other players nodded to Lang but nobody spoke to him. We took a table by ourselves.

"Coming down to see us after the season's over?" I asked.

He knew what I meant. A sudden ache loomed in his dark eyes. Then his lips flared just the way I'd seen them in a picture some photographer snapped when an umpire was throwing him out of a game. Still, his voice was soft, if you could forget the loneliness in it.

"You're a good guy, Mike. But—she threw me down once before, didn't she?"

I left him fairly soon. Sure, she'd thrown him down once. You bet. And it was pretty ironic that her kicking him had been responsible for both his greatness and his meanness. . . .

☆ WELL, the Senators had their own ideas about who was going to win the pennant. They shut out the Sox in the next two games. So on the day of the season's last battle the two teams were deadlocked in first place, and everybody and his brother knew that Lang McKeldin would take the mound that afternoon.

June—yes, June Martin!—was waiting in the lobby for me when I came down from my room on my way to the game! Sometimes I'm a genius at holding my tongue. I just caught her arm and led her outside to a taxi. When we reached the park, I took her into the press coop with me.

The Sox went out in order in their half of the first. Then Lang walked out to the mound. You could have told a mile away what this game meant to him. His every movement shouted his determination to win it. He finished the warm-up throws faster than any pitcher I ever saw, then he gestured imperiously to one of the outfielders till the guy moved a few feet nearer the foul line.

Sitting beside me, Vince Coakley, who was also covering the series, said, "The Boy Wonder is in one of his best moods today."

I saw June glance at him and her lips tighten.

In that very first inning we saw McKeldin do his stuff no less than twice. The ump did miss one on Lang's third pitch to the first hitter, calling a honey of a curve a ball. Lang charged halfway to the plate, shouted something, then went charging back to the box. The second instance came after two were out. The

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batter lifted a foul back of third and the third baseman misjudged it. Lang strode over to him. You couldn't hear what he said, but you could get the gist of it, and you could see the sullen way the third baseman shuffled back to his position.

Looking at June, I saw that she seemed drawn into herself. Her eyes were the only things alive in her face and they were wounded.

Well, it continued like that for six innings. He wrangled with the umpires over every close decision that went against the Sox; in an ordinary game, I guess, they would have chased him. He shouted bloody murder the time a Sox hitter struck out with a man on third. When a hit skidded past his first baseman, he threw his glove on the ground.

But it was in the sixth that he put on his four-star special. The Sox had got him a run in the first half of that stanza and he was out to protect that lead. You could see the thin haggard lines of his face and the grim contour of his jaw.

And then old hard luck smacked him down. On a play so close that even I, being until then partisan, was willing to call the umpire wrong, the first Washington batter reached base. But when Lang put on his act with the umpire, I suddenly wasn't partisan any more. I hoped they'd pin his ears back.

Beside me, Coakley said, "What a guy! If he wasn't such a whale of a pitcher, you wouldn't care. The way it is, you can be as hard-boiled as you please and still can't help feeling sorry. The other boys on the team hate his guts. But there's bound to be something to a guy that good."

☆ COAKLEY was right about the other boys hating him. You could see it in the way they snapped the ball back to him. Oh, they'd fight along with him, because there was the glory of winning to remember, not to mention the extra cash if they got into the World Series. But they hated him just the same.

Washington put on the sacrifice and the runner reached second. A moment later a drive whistled down to short and Maxey let it go through his legs. The runner scored all the way from second. This time Lang didn't charge. He walked very slowly—and somehow his walking was more hateful than his charging—down to second and met Maxey when he took the throw from the center fielder. Then he put out his hand and tried to shake hands with Maxey, and for a moment I thought Maxey was going to sock him and hoped he would.

"Find me an usher, Mike."

I jumped and looked at her. She held a folded piece of paper in her hand. So I found an usher quick, and said, "Give this to Mr. McKeldin."

The usher met him at the dugout. I have no way of knowing what Lang said or how he looked. I just remember him coming out of the dugout at the end of the next half inning and marching toward the mound. I never believed in miracles, but there did seem to be a difference in the way he walked.

That Washington crowd was still booing him from last inning. He gave no sign of hearing them. The Senators, from their bench, were riding him plenty. He didn't taunt them back. He just settled down to an old-fashioned job of pitching. From then on young Mr. McKeldin fought them tooth and nail down the long, exhausting stretch of twelve more innings.

The game, you see, went into extra frames, with the score still locked at one and one. Washington used three pitchers altogether. Lang went the distance for the Sox, eighteen terrific innings. Long before it was over, he was so weary that you knew he was pitching with nerve and heart only. But he went on.

In the eleventh there was a hairline decision at first that went against the Sox. Lang didn't even look at the umpire, much less say anything. Just walked back into the box and struck out the last two hitters of that inning. It was then that the hoots and the catcalls and all the other jeers stopped coming from the crowd.

☆ THERE was a difference in the play of the Sox, too. You caught it in the new way they threw the ball back to McKeldin now. Their shouts of encouragement to him were no longer perfunctory; they were grim and shrill and fiercely loyal. Here was a guy they hated, but here also was a guy pitching his heart out.

If that wasn't the greatest ball game ever played, I'll eat my hat and yours, too. During the actual play in the late innings the stands were so still a matchstick falling would have sounded like an avalanche. But at the end of each inning that partisan crowd lunged to its feet and yelled its head off for McKeldin. Maybe that, too, helped keep him going.

And so he went along, inning after inning. All at once I realized he hadn't allowed a hit since the sixth. Beside me hard-boiled Coakley was running to the end of his store of amazed swear words. As for June Martin, she was crying in a soft way that nobody but me noticed.

In the seventeenth they at last got a hit off him. The first batter delivered a booming triple that would have gone for a home run inside the grounds if the Sox center fielder hadn't made the greatest throw from the outfield I ever saw. Lang turned and waved to the center fielder. Then he stepped back into the box and you could see he was all in.

The first two pitches were wide. The third was darned near a wild pitch. "It's coming now," I whispered to myself. But it didn't. Somehow he got himself together. A fast ball and two wicked curves were in there and the batter whiffed. The next boy sent a weak roller to the box. Lang swooped down upon it, bluffed the runner back to third, and threw the hitter out at first. He got the last batter on a pop fly.

You should have heard that crowd!

But no, brother, he didn't win the ball game. He lost it in the eighteenth on a rotten break. The first man nailed him for a double. Lang got the second hitter on another pop fly. Then, so tired he could hardly lift his hands over his head, he struck out the third boy. The Sox were yelling like mad behind him, but in the stands you could have heard a gnat wink its eye.

And then the last Washington batter shot one down to shortstop, and for the second time that day Maxey let a ball go through his legs. The runner romped home from second. The ball game was over. . . .

☆ I SQUEEZED my way into the clubhouse. I looked around for my lone wolf and found him, as was to be expected, standing alone, in the exact middle of the room. I hesitated, then halted altogether, because a sudden throbbing hush fell, like the end of time. Then I saw the reason. The shortstop, Jim Maxey, pushed his way through the other players and stopped in front of Lang.

He said, "If it's any satisfaction to you, kid, I could cut my own throat."

Lang McKeldin looked him up and down. Suddenly I knew something. His face was gentle, almost soft, with all the strife gone from it. He wasn't a spoiled kid any more. He'd never need another jolt to make him realize on his splendid equipment. The answer is simple. He'd just grown up, that's all.

He looked Maxey straight in the eyes and told a generous lie: "Why, Jim, that was the meanest ball to handle I ever saw hit. If it hadn't been for the swell shortstop you've played all year, we'd never have been in shooting distance of first place."

"Why, damn you," Maxey stuttered, "you *are* human, aren't you?"

They shook hands, and then Lang walked over to me. "Where is she, Mike?"

I named the hotel. But I wasn't sure how this business would turn out. He wasn't, either. I heard his breath whistle in his throat. Because, you see, that note June sent him wasn't one of those sweet little Darling-come-home-all-is-forgiven missives. Yes, she had let me read it before I gave it to the usher. This is what it said:

> You're a bum. You're a Big Bum. You always have been and you always will be.
>
> Indignantly yours.

Well, it was a breath out of the past and it had brought him to his senses. But what about her? The only thing was to find out. So we took a taxi to the hotel. She was waiting in the lobby, and when she got up and walked straight into his arms I was no longer unsure.

"It doesn't look like never," Lang told her. "It looks like now."

"Why, it even feels like now!" June said.

THE END

TO THE *Ladies*

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 2 SECONDS

☆ THE happiest pair of vacationists I have met so far this season are refugee poet André Spire and his wife, Thérèse. Stripped of all their possessions, left without home or resources, they arrived here nevertheless as gay and as expectant as though they were starting out to enjoy every minute of a long-wished-for holiday. "That's what it really is," said M. Spire to me, his white hair bristling, blue eyes asparkle, his pointed beard uptilted by incessant curiosity. "No matter how precarious our life in America may be," he said, "after escaping from Occupied France it *is* a holiday for us here *every* day." Seventy-three years of age, in literary Europe he was internationally known as a poet, and had as well been an economist attached to the Ministry of Agriculture. Many years his junior, Mme. Spire formerly held a post as librarian at the Sorbonne, University of Paris. Less than a month after they landed in this country, a daughter was born to them. "We named her Danielle," M. Spire told me, "because she came out of the lion's den." . . . Making the acquaintance of this couple, I was struck by a rather selfish thought. Such newcomers can't do otherwise than help the culture of any nation, so Europe's loss is our gain. Though that seems a chauvinistic reason for hospitality, I believe it should increase the warmth of our welcoming hand.

☆ FROM night-club and radio audiences the most frequent song request she gets, vocalist Adrienne told me, is for The Last Time I Saw Paris. "What do you remember," I asked her, "about the last time you actually did see Paris?" She replied, "I remember it through a sweet, adolescent haze. I was sixteen, saying good-by to a boy named Michel, who danced like a dream. I never saw him again; haven't the faintest idea what became of him. On the eve of my wedding, a long while later, I had a good hour's giggle over our letters before I tore them up." . . . Adrienne's is the perfect memory of Paris, I think—a farewell youthfully sentimental, no serious regrets. She's married to Michael Meyerberg, Leopold Stokowski's manager.

☆ GIRLS on the wing are *so* considerate of each other. . . . A young stewardess aboard a coast-to-coast plane talked up the safety of air travel for hours to Metropolitan Opera star Elisabeth Rethberg, who listened patiently until she fell asleep. At San Francisco the singer was greeted by a delegation from the 100,000 Mile Club of the Airways, being eligible for membership herself, since she had just completed that much flying. As she left the plane, she overheard a pilot say to the stewardess, "Well, how was your first trip?"

☆ BEST vacation book I've seen this year is The Magic Carpet, by Don Short, New York Journal-American's travel editor. Full of practical tips about trips of all kinds, Mr. Short reports also on such oddities as the fact that the mayor of Mexico City now has aided tourist sleep by banishing rooster coops from rooftops. And there are wise words about *not* trying to sit at the captain's table on a cruise ship. (Harian Publications. $1.50.)

☆ THE smart photographer, Valentino Sarra, surprised me by saying he wanted *one* wall of his living room painted dark green, the other walls light. A crazy notion, I thought; but a psychology professor to whom I mentioned it said no. It's a new theory, he informed me, that rooms with three light walls and one darker wall may help concentration.

☆ ALONG with George Sokolsky, William Saroyan, and many others of this writing trade, I share a fondness for gourmet Oriental fare at George Mardikian's Omar Khayyam Restaurant in San Francisco. Here is the recipe for his *Mdivani Chicken Special*—easy enough to make at home. . . . To serve four, cut two 2-pound broilers in 4 pieces each; fry light brown; lay in baking dish. In same butter fry 1 sliced onion, then add 1 cup water, ½ cup tomato juice, 4 tablespoons sherry wine, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon paprika, a little pepper. Pour sauce over chicken. Bake uncovered for 30 minutes in hot oven. Turn the pieces and bake 30 minutes more. Serve with plenty of rice cooked the pilaf way—steamed till soft in canned consommé enriched with butter and the chicken giblets.

☆ ON several occasions I have urged the etiquette of clearly repeating our own names—both women and men—when we are introduced to any stranger. I now find the rule included in *West Point's* manual of courtesy, but only for soldiers. It's just as polite for all of us.

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THE LAST WORD: *Are Our High Army Officers Unfit?*

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FULTON OURSLER

THAT IS A SHOCKING QUESTION—Are our high army officers unfit? Yet General Robert Lee Bullard of the United States Army not only raises that question in Liberty next week, but answers it in a fiery affirmative. He accuses our high command of grave inefficiency.

There are patriotic citizens who would be inclined to criticize General Bullard for this forthright utterance. Their idea is that to criticize the management of our armed forces is further to unsettle the public mind. With this point of view we disagree sharply. Americans must never lose their freedom of expression to criticize the conduct of public servants.

Students of the last war have not forgotten England's experience in 1915. That was when Lord Kitchener was the idol of the British public.

They trusted him so much that they called their army Kitchener's Army. It was Kitchener, as the New York World-Telegram recently reminded us, who wanted to use and did use shrapnel—because he had always used shrapnel, and successfully—and he continued to use it, although the Germans knew that shrapnel was outmoded by their high explosives. Prime Minister Asquith supported Kitchener. The public went on trusting both officials, never dreaming that thousands of British young men were dying on battlefields because two old men in power were clinging stubbornly to the methods of their youth. That was when Lord Northcliffe, owner of the London Daily Mail and the London Times, dared to criticize those public servants in the midst of the war.

Lord Northcliffe had a hard time of it for a while. He was charged with treason. His newspapers were burned publicly on the floor of the London Stock Exchange. But he refused to retreat, and before he was through Asquith was out, Kitchener no longer in control of munitions, Lloyd George was running the war, and the British saved themselves from annihilation by meeting high explosives with high explosives. This happy result came about only because Lord Northcliffe dared to speak his mind.

It is in the same spirit and in the same tradition of democratic free speech that Liberty will publish next week General Bullard's disturbing article, Why Our High Army Officers Are Unfit.

JOHANNES STEEL, home from London, has some new facts about the continuing mystery concerning Hess, the runaway Nazi. His article, Hess' Plan to Divide Up the World, is one of the most interesting we have published in a long time.

Indeed, we can recommend the whole table of contents with confidence: A Martha Scott story by Frederick Lewis; Still Is the Night, by Faith Baldwin; Winning from Life, an article about Jesse Jones, by Bernarr Macfadden; Corny Island, by George Jean Nathan; Another Secret for Ambitious Young People, by Walter Pitkin; What Is a Patriot? by George Sokolsky; and the announcement of the 1942 judges in Liberty's Valor in Citizenship Award, together with two of the best short stories we have ever published: Hurricanes, Take Over! by F. E. Rechnitzer, and A Husband for Her Birthday, by Lillian Bush.

SALMAGUNDI: I had the pleasure recently of introducing Johannes Steel at a luncheon given in his honor by the Overseas Press Club of America. There I met many old friends, including Burnet Hershey, the president; Irene Kuhn, Wythe Williams, W. Orton Tewson, and Harry Hansen. . . . I was also delighted to hear that the man I nominated for the National Humanitarian Award by the Varieties Club of America was given that great honor at the recent convention in Atlantic City. The winner was Dr. George Washington Carver of Tuskegee Institute. I was sorry not to be at the dinner, but I am glad that Dr. Carver won. He is one of my great admirations. . . . I had a great time reading Belle Starr—the "Bandit Queen," by Burton Rascoe, a vivid and exciting book. . . . An old friend, Captain W. D. Puleston, for many years Chief of the Naval Intelligence, has written an important new book called The Armed Forces and the Pacific. One of the fine things about Captain Puleston is that, with all his scholarly and practical knowledge of naval warfare, he retains a truly blessed sense of humor. In Shanghai I heard the following story about him and Captain Ronald Boone, head of the Asiatic Naval Intelligence. When Boone was assigned to his Far East post he was told to have a farewell talk with Captain Puleston in Washington. Puleston brought him into the sanctum sanctorum, closed the door and locked it. Dropping his voice to a whisper, he said to Captain Boone:

"Just one final word before you go to Asia. There is a shop on Bubbling Well Road in Shanghai, Number 372. The owner of that shop is Ching Foo, the best shirtmaker I ever knew. He has my measurements. Please ask him to make me up a dozen just like the last lot. Good-by, my boy, and God bless you." . . .

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday. **FULTON OURSLER.**

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